REAL WEST

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CHARLTON PUBLICATION

True Tales of the American Frontier

MAY 1975 CDC 00174

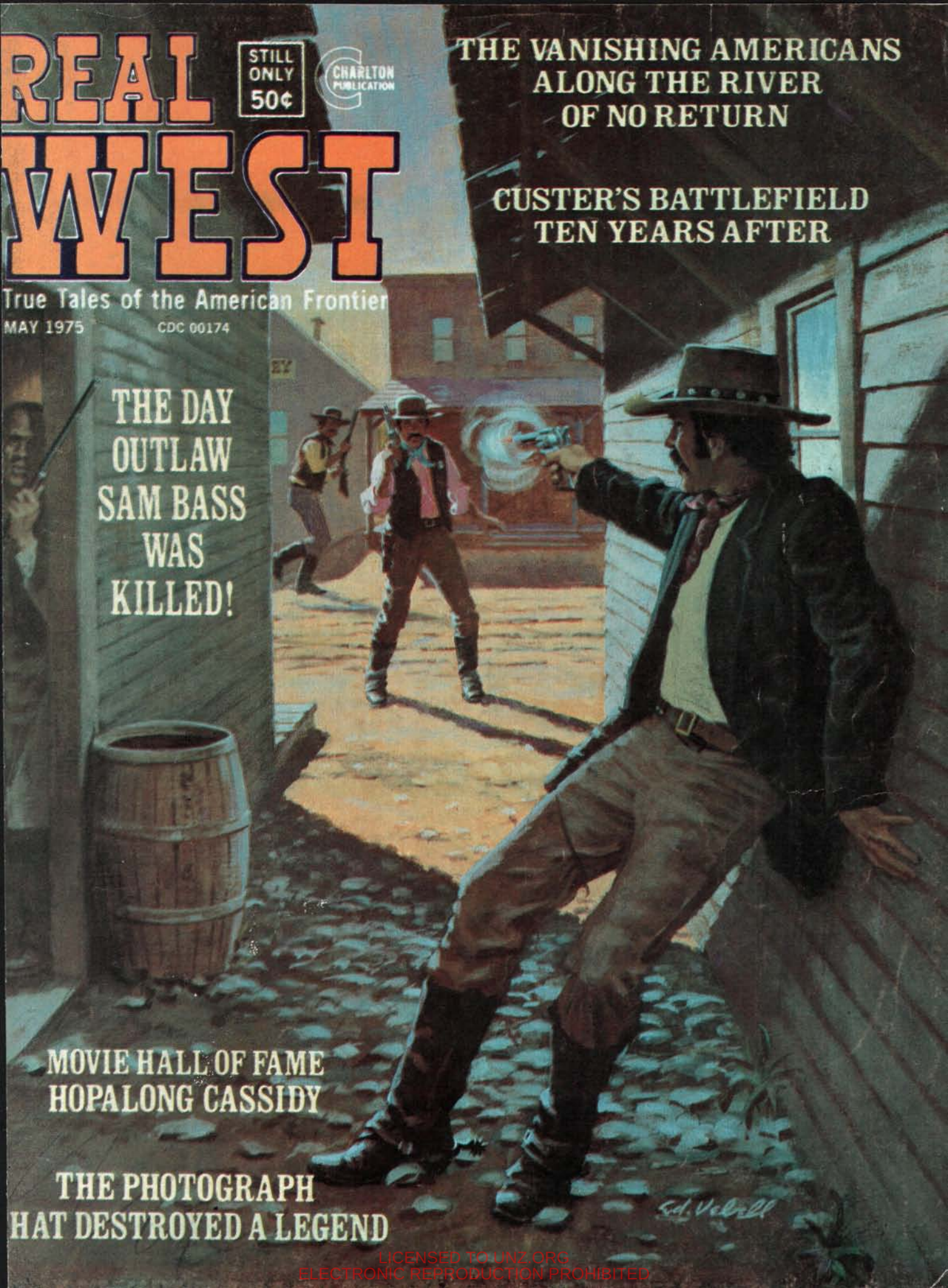
THE VANISHING AMERICANS ALONG THE RIVER OF NO RETURN

CUSTER'S BATTLEFIELD TEN YEARS AFTER

THE DAY OUTLAW SAM BASS WAS KILLED!

MOVIE HALL OF FAME HOPALONG CASSIDY

THE PHOTOGRAPH HAT DESTROYED A LEGEND



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BA, MC.

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MC, BA.

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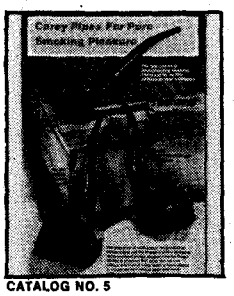

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AE, MC, BA.

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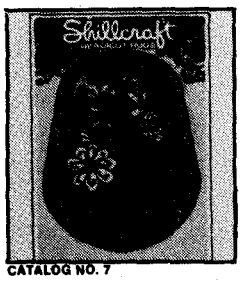

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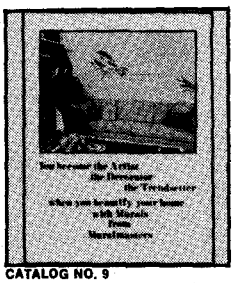

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MC

CATALOG NO. 9

CATALOG OF THE STARS
Here is your chance to choose from over 100 of the top TV and movie stars posters. Each poster measures a giant 2 feet by 3 feet. Select from such *stars as Paul Newman,* Robert Redford, Steve McQueen, Elvis, Shirley Temple, and Clark Gable. From the great stars of yesteryear to all the latest sensations, these posters will turn any room in your *home into a playroom.*

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FAO Schwarz, the World's *Most Unique Toy Store,* invites you to take a trip through toyland with their colorful Holiday Gift Catalog. Over 1,000 items from around the world . . . toys, dolls, trains, crafts, games . . . more than half under $10. 10% Discount on mail orders postmarked "not later than Oct. 31.
AE, DC, MC, BA.

CATALOG NO. 11

DESERT HOUSE
A virtual storehouse of *treasures from the South*west in a 32-page catalog featuring Hand-made Indian jewelry of silver or copper, many with turquoise and other semi-precious stones; handbags; totes; Taos Indian mocs; authentic *ceremonial sand paintings* and many other unique items at easily affordable prices. A unique piece of early American History.
MC, BA.

CATALOG NO. 12

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Volume XVIII
Number 138
May, 1975

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THOSE OTHER BUFFALO BILLS
By Sam Henderson

●

OVER THE ROCKIES
By Thomas A. Frazier

●

MADAME ANNA SANG WITH A BROKEN HEART
By T. W. Paterson

●

THE JAMESES AT BARDSTOWN
By Carl W. Breihan

●

THE ESCAPE FROM FORT ROBINSON
From a Contemporary Account

●

GRANT BEFORE GREATNESS
By William Wingfield

●

COMSTOCK DOOMED THE NORTHERN INDIANS
By Richard Taylor

●

MY SWEETHEART'S A MULE IN THE MINE
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●

THE GOLD MINER'S SHIRLEY TEMPLE
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●

DEATH OF A DEMON
By Norman B. Wiltsey

●

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A Doctor of OSTEOPATHY Claims He Has Perfected

A PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS!

EXPECT A MIRACLE OF FREEDOM FROM PAIN . . . NEW FREEDOM OF MOTION . . . IMMEDIATE . . . COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CURE POSSIBLE . . . BONE DAMAGE HEALED . . . ALL THIS CAN BE EXPECTED

— says Giraud W. Campbell, D.O.

Here's thrilling news about a Doctor's Proven New Home CURE FOR ARTHRITIS! Based on the result of hundreds of successfully treated cases, this cure is now available for the first time in a new book!

Yes! Dr. Giraud Campbell states flatly that YOU CAN BE CURED of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own home at no expense."

Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

- "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."
- "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."
- "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."
- It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."
- "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."

"Their arthritis was cured," he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who have obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

"Its Like Being Born Again"

"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Campbell says his method offers—not only relief—but an end to the condition: Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed.

"It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.

"It's fast, safe, and effective. "The home arthritis cure," says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

• You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the main factor in the cure of arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) . . . you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas, pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

Is That All There Is To It?

Just about. As for steps 2 and 3 — you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

No gadgets or hocus pocus, no bigger and better pills, no expensive diathermy, whirlpool, or harsh exercises of any kind.

See For Yourself . . . At Our Risk

See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. "There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."

Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.

Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.

- **"Expect a 'miracle'," says Dr. Campbell.**
- **"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."**
- **"Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."**
- **"Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."**
- **"Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."**

MEET DR. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.

ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!

I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

SPINE HEALED!

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York

Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends—in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.

Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method—X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

Dear Editor:

Your December 1974 issue of REAL WEST concerning the Indians had one of the best articles I have ever read. And to add to this article I quote Chief Joseph, saying after seeing a school house inside and out: "You whites have everything in worldly goods, but do not seem to know how to distribute them."

Carl E. Davis (going on 85)
1032 Chenango St.
Hillcrest, Binghamton, N. Y. 13901

TRYING TO TRACE FAMILY HISTORY

Dear Sir:

I have been compiling a family history and found that my great great grandfather, James Southall, was born about 1832 in Virginia. He came to Australia in the early 1850's to look for gold. His daughter was dark, reddish brown in color which suggests Red Indian ancestors. I would like to know where I could obtain more information about him and the Indians of the Virginia area in the early 1800's. I would also like to contact any relative in the U. S. A.

Yours faithfully,
S. R. Price
9 Paradise Ave.
Forster 2428 N.S.W. Australia

LIKES PIONEER ARTICLES

Dear Editor of REAL WEST:

Occasionally I read REAL WEST and like many of the selections I find there.

Thought you would want to know the kind I like best: For example, I especially appreciated "My Cousin, Sam Bass" by Dan Shannon and also "The President Who Won The West" by Stephanie Shulsinger, also in the November 1974 issue. In the October 1974 issue I especially liked the story about "Swan Lake" by Marion Thede and Harold Preece.

I appreciated "Swan Lake" because it tells how people really are and more in the early frontier days; namely, good honest and substantial people. I do not like stories that overdo the deeds of the "bad men." Some stories of the early frontier would lead one to think that the people were as bad then as they are now, which is not true. The truth is that they, in general, were more honest, more religious, more honorable, with more regard for their neighbors than people of today.

The stories of bad men of the old west that I do not know about personally or from family and area proximity I cannot say for sure. But those I do know about have been told and retold, and each time more exaggerated: One of these is Butch Cassidy. His has been exaggerated so much that he himself would not recognize it.

I like the stories in your magazine that are factual and historical. I also like stories of the brave everyday pioneers whose deeds of bravery and courage exceeded that of the bank robber.

Stories that I haven't seen published anywhere include perhaps they have, but I haven't seen them include Fort Bridger, The Dyer Mine in the Uinta Mountains, Old Linwood now under Flaming Gorge Lake, The High Line Canal.

I have lived through a lot of the years you write about, and perhaps I am too critical, so finally let me thank you for your good work and for reading this letter.

Sincerely yours,
J. Kent Olson
Circle Bar Ranch,
Manila, Utah 84046

BERTHA M. BOWERS

Dear Sir:

In response to the letter from J. Goff, Smithville, W. Va. in your Jan. 1975 issue of REAL WEST — the most complete documented brief history of the author B. M. Bowers was printed in the *Montana, the Magazine of Western History*, Volume XXIII #2, Spring 1973. This magazine is published by the Montana Historical Society, quarterly, at 225 North Roberts St., Helena, Mont. 59601 at a price of $2.25 per copy.

Bertha Muzzey Bowers was a woman author. Charles M. Russell was an artist, and often their trails crossed during their lifetime. Although I never had the good fortune of knowing either of these stars, I did have the opportunity of growing up since 1916 in the same area (North Central Montana). I experienced the same life style of which they wrote and painted, and I did know many who had known them personally.

Jack Miller
631 8th St. S. E.
Sidney, Montana 59270

TEXAS COWBOYS

Dear Sirs:

I am writing to call your attention to two articles in REAL WEST. The first was in January 1973. It was called "The First Texas Cowboy, Ewen Cameron." The second was in February 1974. It was called "Bigfoot Wallace, A Legend in His Own Time". Both articles are so alike, it is as if you were writing about the same man, but with a change in names. What I would like to know is: were both men involved in the Mexican situation at the same time, and if so, why you do not mention this in your articles, as both men played such a major part in the situation? Please answer my letter in Mail Roundup. I look forward to reading your reply.

Yours sincerely,
P. O. Flynn
66 Moor St.
Earlsdon, Coventry, England CV5 6EU

Both Cameron and Wallace participated in the Mexican War at about the same time, therefore the similarity in both articles as far as the facts of the War and the expedition in which both Cameron and Wallace participated.

ANYONE HAVE ANY INFORMATION ON CELIA DILLION?

I am a dedicated student of Western Americana. I read over and over again the August 1974 issue of REAL WEST, which I really enjoyed. Your magazine is among the best. I liked the story, "The Woodstock Disaster", by R. L. Lowe. One of the characters, Celia Dillion, caught my eye. Whatever happened to her? Did she ever marry? What were her origins? The name Dillion has figured in the pages of many magazines on the old West. I'm curious to know more about Celia. Could she have any connection with the Dillion & Co. Stagecoach

(continued on page 52)

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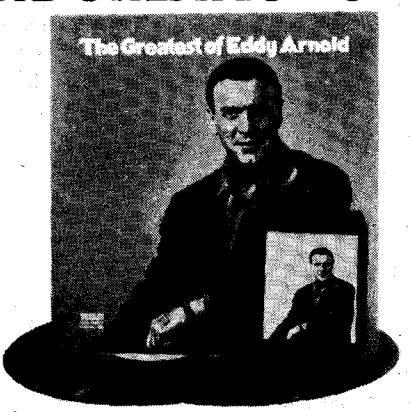

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Boise, Pokibro, T-wan-ee, John Ballard (Unknown) and Jim Marshall pose for a postcard picture advertising the Fort Hall Centennial in 1934.

THE VANISHING AMERICANS ALONG THE RIVER OF NO RETURN

When the first white men came to Idaho just after the Civil War, they found a friendly tribe of Indians called The Sheepeaters. No matter how friendly Indians like the powerful warrior named Whistleknocker were, the white miners distrusted, abused, and often killed the people who had originally owned the land.

By Ethel Kimball

He was big, powerful, and credited as being a hostile Indian in that year of 1867, even though he had shown only friendliness in the settlements of Idaho Territory. He was called Whistleknocker, the only name white men ever knew for him because that's the way he wanted it. White-eyes were stealing the land that had belonged for untold ages to his Sheepeater people, so he kept his true name a secret they could never steal.

Such was the reasoning of the native Americans in Idaho as they tried to get along with white miners who had flocked by the thousands into the Salmon River Mountains in the now famous River of No Return country. In a high, isolated basin to be known as Leesburg, five white men had started the rush in the summer of 1866 after friendly Shoshonis, who were visiting at the gold camp of Bannock, Montana, had told them there was much of the yellow metal they called *napias* in their homeland across the Great Divide.

After those prospectors and all who followed them struck it rich, the government decided to get a share. As it happened, Whistleknocker meted out a sort of poetic justice to the white-eyes — he guided the first tax collector from Fort Boise to Leesburg!

John S. Ramey was the tax collector, and he was destined to become one of this wild, young country's outstanding citizens, as well as a lawman of high repute.

 All photos courtesy Clyde Stone. Identification of individuals was made by Jed Wilson, through his many Indian friends.

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On this first trip through, he learned many of the Indians' ancient trails, and also much about their history and way of life.

At the mouth of Ram's Fork, where it flows into Silver Creek, Whistleknocker told of a great battle fought there between Indians, stating that he was one of the defending warriors. He pointed out graves in the slide rock on the side of the mountain, never dreaming they would someday be exploited and that most of the 198 burials counted there would be opened by the whites. Done mainly by government Smithsonian agents in the name of science didn't change the fact that sacred rights of the Sheepeaters were violated.

And, as the eventual desecration of the graves eliminated a part of the past from his people, Whistleknocker's sharing of trail-savvy was later used to crush the future of his tribe. Accused of several so-called 'depredations' against the encroaching whites in the remote Middlefork country, the Sheepeaters were immediately blamed when some Chinese miners were killed at a mining camp on Loon Creek in the late winter of 1879. This led to the Army's being ordered out from Fort Boise to round up the Sheepeaters and take them to a reservation. After unbelievable hardships and being outwitted time after time by the harried Indians, the Army finally caught a rag-tag, pitiful few at best and herded them away from their native mountains.

One of the ironies of the travesty was that the same John Ramey was hired to guide the Army over the same trails he had learned from Whistleknocker!

While the Sheepeaters were running for their lives in the tortuous Middlefork country, a new, booming town called Salmon City, in the lush valley on the eastern reaches of the mountains below Leesburg, was also getting stirred up about the Indians. Several prospectors along the Salmon River in the vicinity of the Middlefork stream turned up missing, and it was learned that some of them were dead. A party of men was organized and set off down the river trail to 'subdue' the Indians, presumably Sheepeaters since they were known to be in small bands in that area.

In full dress regalia, Jim Marshall and Edmo pose for posterity.

A Bannock girl, whose maiden name was Julia Pokibro, poses in beautiful costume adorned with ivory elk teeth.

A short way out of town they met a lone Indian coming toward them and promptly killed him, working on the premise that the only good Indian was a dead one. Much to their chagrin, they later learned he was a friendly one who had come all the way up the river to report the killing of two white men by hostiles!

In his history of Lemhi County, George E. Shoup stated the outcome of this expedition: "An Indian writing near Ebenezer Creek, now enclosed by the road department but defaced and lower part entirely gone, defines details previous to and of a battle, but the lower parts of writing were too uncertain through defacing for translation. I copied this writing 30 years ago (history written in 1940). My translation coincides with reports made by the white expedition. Two white men, James Shoup and Wm. Brown, were wounded and one Indian killed, and a part of them taken prisoners. Translation of another writing further up the river refers to a gathering of Indians presumably against this same party of whites."

Although Whistleknocker was one of the first individual Sheepeaters mentioned in Shoup's historical account, he wasn't the last. Happy John was another, though Shoup's sympathetic writing pointed out there wasn't much for the abused red man to be happy about. He had been with a party of Sheepeaters camped in the mountains west of Leesburg when white men attacked them, apparently without provocation, since the Indians were bothering no one.

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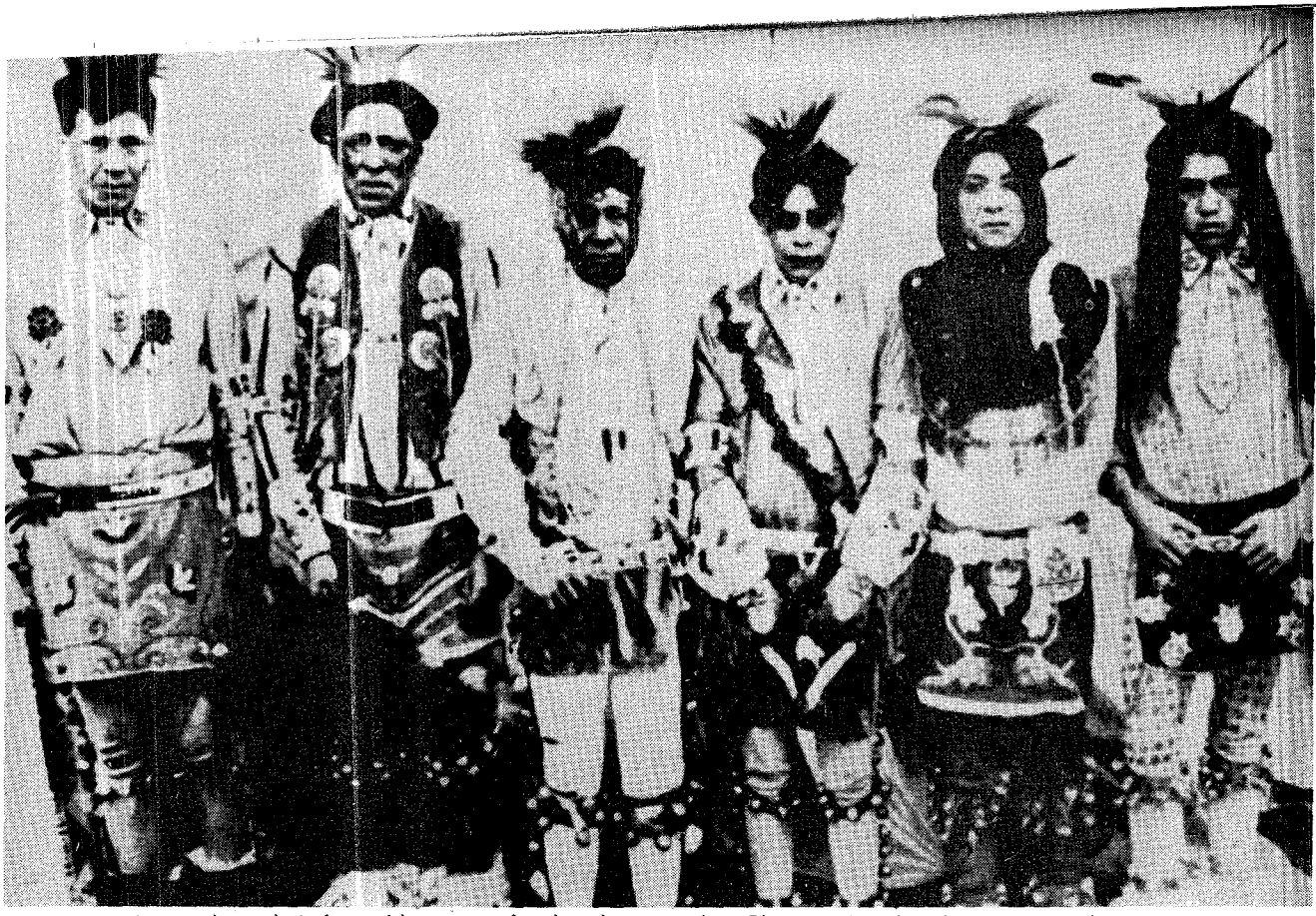

Bannocks in their formal best pose for the photographer. They are Frank Coby, Eugene Edmo, Harrison Baker, (Unknown), Stone and Edmo.

Dazed and confused by what had happened, the Sheepeaters brought their wounded out to Salmon City, where there was a doctor. One of the braves had a leg so badly mutilated that Dr. Kinney, the town's physician, insisted the only hope of saving his life was to cut the leg off. So against all the terrified arguments put up by the Sheepeaters, the leg came off.

The brave lived, but now, when there should have been rejoicing, there was only a superstitious fear bordering on sorrow. Around a council fire, the other Sheepeaters decided they did not want in their camp a man with but one leg. Surely the gods would be angry if such a one was kept in their tribe. On the other hand, they didn't want to kill one of their own brothers. After much discussion, they went a considerable distance up Jesse Creek, above town and away from their camp, where they dug a hole that much resembled a grave. Then they went back for the weakened Indian, carried him to the spot and buried him in the hole — though they left his head out so he could breathe!

Two or three days later, something more animal than human dragged itself into the Indians' camp, its eyes vacant and lost, its mouth twisted into a senseless grin. Men, women and children scattered to the four winds as the creature crawled among them, chanting soft and low through its smiling mouth, its long hair, as grey as death, blowing in the breeze. And one leg was missing.

Dr. Kinney could have told them how even blue-black hair could be silvered quickly under excruciating circumstances; how a mind could become deranged by more agony than a human could bear. But the superstitious Indians would never have believed the kindly doctor. When the apparition didn't disappear as they had hoped it might, they were firmly convinced that the one-legged man they'd buried alive had come back as an evil spirit, and they were afraid.

Now there was no choice except to feed and care for the emaciated body of their 'dead' tribesman, which they did with a great deal of dedication. And the one-legged 'corpse' responded eagerly to the attention until he was well and strong again. But the demented mind could not be healed. It had found permanent escape, leaving only the smiling, singing remains of a man who would ever after be known as 'Happy John.'

Then someone made a crutch and gave it to the living corpse so he could once again walk upright like a man. Before long, his inborn ambition, combined with his skill as a fisherman, was bringing in many coins from the white men who bought his fish. His ready smile, which beamed at anyone who spoke to him, and his quiet chanting remained with him always. In later years, another Indian who had lost the lower part of one leg and wore a wooden peg strapped to his knee, was indebted to Happy John — never again would a person be cast out from the tribe for the lack of a limb. Known as Peg Leg, this man followed his predecessor's lone footstep and made a useful life for himself by catching and selling salmon and trout to the white settlers.

This Sheepeater, tribe of the mountains was probably the least known of the different tribes who occupied the Lemhi valley for unknown generations before the coming of white men. And although the written histories usually begin with the appearance of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1805, recent discoveries by archeologists have dated the presence of Indians here as far back as 10,000 years ago.

Shoup wrote of the local red men: "Grouped together, they became known as the 'Lemhi Tribe', and were made up of the Sheepeaters, Shoshonean of the Wyoming Shoshone, and Bannocks of the Eastern Bannocks. These Indians banded together in a distinct tribe, and their first permanent occupancy as such in Lemhi County is dated at

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about 1760.

"Before that time and continuing afterward, well-established trails were worn from years of use. Indian writings define the presence here of Navajo Indians of New Mexico. The Nez Perce and Flat Heads and other Bannocks from the south intermingled through the county with the friendly Lemhis, and stood united in defense against the ever aggressive Blackfoot tribes from the north. Numerous known battles were fought within the boundary of Lemhi, one of them near the city of Salmon."

Whether or not it is the same battle mentioned by Shoup, proof of troubled times was found on a bluff at the lower end of a ridge running southeasterly down from the mountains between Perreau and Williams creeks, about seven miles south of Salmon City. A rock fort had been built there, overlooking the river and valley below, and with a clear view of the foothills behind. When the country's famous Colonel George E. Shoup began his ranching activities in the area, he hauled most of the rocks on wagons to his homesite and used them in the construction of a huge barn. The barn was later destroyed by fire, but the high rock foundation still stands. His grandsons living at Salmon City remember how common arrowheads were during their childhood there and how they filled their pockets with them at every visit to the bluff.

The Lemhi Indians were friendly to Lewis and Clark, the first white men they'd ever seen, and this same ruling spirit never permitted hostilities as a tribe against any whites during all its future existence. Credit for this loyalty is given to the intelligence and good character of the head Shoshonean Chiefs, beginning with Big Foot. At his death, Cameahwait, brother of Scagawea, became Chief. He was later killed on Bloody Dick Creek, Montana, in a fight with the Blackfoot, and his brother, Snagg, succeeded him. During 1863, Snagg was deliberately murdered, shot down by a saloon keeper named Skinner on the main street of Bannock City, Montana. Tendoy then became Chief and retained his position until his death in early May, 1907.

Keeping peace was no small task for Chief Tendoy after the gold stampede began in the Salmon River Mountains during 1866. Lemhi county was established January 9, 1869, and the first board of county commissioners was elected on June 14. They immediately petitioned the governor of Montana Territory, who was also Commissioner of Indian Affairs for this section, to have the Indians of Lemhi placed on a reservation. It was soon an accomplished fact, with a boundary outlining two townsites near the mouth of Pattee Creek, about 17 miles southeast of Salmon City, and log buildings were built for Agency administration. However, the government had failed to ratify a treaty made in 1866 with numerous tribes, so the Agency wasn't officially established until 1875 when President Grant set aside a reservation with a change of boundary. This left the first buildings out of the established reserve, so they were abandoned and new headquarters constructed at Hayden Creek, further south but in the same general area.

Theoretically, all the Bannock, Shoshone and Sheepeater tribes in this section of Idaho Territory were supposed to stay on the Reservation, but the freedom-loving people could not content themselves to the confinement of boundaries and did a lot of peaceful roaming around. All they asked was to be let alone, to live as their ancestors had. But that was denied them. Only if the tables had been turned could the white men possibly have understood what they were

A ritual Sun Dance held at Fort Hall Reservation after the Lemhis were moved from the River of No Return Country.

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doing to the very souls of their so-called Red Brothers. Their insatiable greed might have sickened and died if they, the white men, had been shoved off their land by red men, then penned up in a prison of measured boundaries and guarded by a force far superior to even their combined strengths as a national whole. The final indignity would have come when their children were taken away from them and placed in Indian-run boarding schools where they would be ridiculed for their clothing, their language, their religion and their customs.

In this position, there was no way for the Indians to go except along the new trails marked by the conquerors. They may have resented men with skin colored different from their own, but they were accepted into their tribes in friendship, even though some of the white 'squaw men' living among them were already sabotaging their existence. How complete the integration was is illustrated by the fact that two Negroes, known as Jerry and Greene, who drove oxen teams and hauled freight to the Agency, each married an Indian woman and lived with them on the reservation. Later on, Greene froze both of his feet during an early winter trip, and his eventual death from this overexposure saddened the entire tribe.

Moved from their accustomed campgrounds where their ancient trails led into Montana and then moved again to yet a different reservation, while white men settled on more of their land, the Lemhis began to feel the pressure. They soon began to share the other hardships, including lack of promised supplies, that most other tribes in the nation were facing because of white invaders. Tension was building, and even Chief Tendoy must have wondered about the lack of interest his white friends were showing.

Of the three Lemhi tribes, the Bannocks were the most resentful and aggressive. When Chief Joseph and his abused Nez Perce people approached Lemhi County during their painful march from the Army in 1877, the Bannocks, under the influence of their brilliant and energetic leaders, Major Jim and Peg-ee, urged Tendoy to join them and stand against their white persecutors. Their urging turned to demands when small parties of Nez Perce began dropping down from their trails along the Continental Divide and pleaded for help from their old-time friends.

After much soul searching, Tendoy met with Colonel Shoup and other local whites who promised changes on the reservation and more consideration for the Indians. Tendoy then took a vote among his own braves and sent some of them to help guard the people of Salmon City, camping near a hastily built cottonwood fort. Angered by the Chief's decision, some Bannocks and even a few Shoshonis stormed from the reservation to offer assistance to the beleaguered Nez Perce.

History states that the Nez Perce passed through the county, with the Lemhi tribes as a whole maintaining friendship with the whites. But the Bannocks held much resentment in their hearts, and understandably so. They were still very restless during the following winter, and when the leader of their main tribe, Buffalo Horn, began retaliating against the white settlers in 1878 at Camas Prairie in south central Idaho, many of them again left the Lemhi Agency to join their kinsmen.

Shoshonis on bank of Lemhi River, near their old reservation. Seated are Yoohoo Tendoy, son of Chief Tendoy, John Tyler, Jr., Johnson Kenibotts, Frank Watame and Chicken Nose (Queen Moby). Standing are Benjamin Tyone and William Burton.

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Women's participation in the Sun Dance included the Sun Rise Prayer pictured above. The only identifications are Louise Inga-taw, third from left, and Gre-sheep, standing by tree.

Among the Bannocks was a white 'squaw man' known as Jim Dempsey, an active trader whose goods often included guns and ammunition for them. His position with the Indians wasn't altogether secure, but in his double-dealing he pretended to have a strong influence with them, to insure the good will of whites. When hostilities started at Camas Prairie, Dempsey was there and was soon requested by Governor Brayman to pacify the Indians. A hopeless task given to a hapless white who was already held in low esteem by the red men could result in only further antagonism, which finally necessitated the sending of civilian and Army detachments into the field against the Bannocks.

When Buffalo Horn's raids led the whites toward the Owyhee River, the Lemhi Bannocks slipped through them and headed for home. However, one of their influential braves, Bannock John, made up his mind that the white trader with two faces would never again hurt his people. So it was that Jim Dempsey died, and his two Indian wives and all of his horses became the property of Bannock John.

Bannock John moved back to the River of No Return country with about 20 lodges, and a number of Fort Hall Bannocks joined him there. They camped on their old grounds on the hills above the Lemhi river, near what was now the home and ranch of a white man named Joe Pattee. Being no longer active in the conflict known as the Bannock War didn't wipe out the hatred from these Indians' hearts, and once more Chief Tendoy was right in the middle of a tense situation. He advised the white families to again congregate at Salmon City and personally warned Pattee about Bannock John, saying that he was a 'bad Indian' and that it was impossible to tell what he and his Fort Hall friends might do. In fact, Tendoy feared he might not be able to control even his own band.

Pattee moved his family into town, and then returned alone to his ranch. He found his fences torn down and about 400 horses in the hay and other cultivated fields. There were Indian camps in and around the fields; much of the fence had been used for firewood, and his buildings had all been broken into. Pattee angrily confronted Bannock John about the destruction, and was defiantly answered, "It is all Indian ground. All Indian grass. All Indian house. Everything all Indians'."

That was the attitude of the Bannocks, and blood was to be shed on both sides before that bitter year was done. Even Bannock John was to die violently, killed by another Indian with whom he had trouble. Torn between opposite loyalties, the unity of the Lemhis came close to splitting wide open, but the breach was finally mended by Tendoy's insistence that white and red men must learn to live together in peace — there was simply no way back for the Indians.

So the red man gave and the white man took. However, occasionally some particular red man did seem to best his white brother, and such was the case of Jim Sterns, whose Shoshone name was Pee-a-Yope. Jim spent a lot of time with the settlers, breaking horses, wrangling stock, running races, and was welcome in their midst whether working or playing. During the Nez Perce scare, his services as a scout had been vital to the safety of the whites because he could read sign to spy out the enemy with the cunning of a fox, he could move freely among the other tribes, and he was totally reliable.

These traits were very commendable, but Jim also had a few that might not have stood up under close scrutiny. For instance, he made a practice of hunting lost horses for white men — horses that had simply vanished in thin air. His success in locating and returning such horses earned him quite a reputation, because one rancher or miner would

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Mistakenly identified as Bannocks, the above-pictured Lemhis were photographed on Main Street of Salmon, Idaho. Second from left is Wince Tendoy (with blanket). Next to him is a man named Fisher. The others are unidentified.

refer another to Jim when all else had failed.

"Say, Jim, have you seen my horse?" the owner would ask, and then give a description of the missing animal.

"Yes, me no see 'em," Jim would reply. "You pay *napias siliber* (silver) me go see 'em."

If he was promised the money, Jim would return with the horse in a surprisingly short time. There was even suspicion that he might have caches, but no one bothered to find out for sure.

He was also a sort of early-day politician at horse trading. At times he traded off a blaze-faced or stocking-legged horse, which the new owner would soon mysteriously lose. A few days later, Jim would be seen riding a horse that the new owner would swear was the one he had just traded for. But Jim would patiently point out that this horse had no blaze on its face or no stocking legs, and the evidence was all in his favor. What the white men suspected but could never prove was that this wily red man was a master with dye — and in its complete removal!

Jim had a ranch on the Agency and a son named Mo-be, who grew up to be an unusually fine-looking man and for years was a mounted policeman at Fort Hall.

Despite the hassles that were bound to crop up under circumstances as they were in the Salmon River country, many strong and lasting friendships were also made. The most famous was that between the former cavalry officer, Colonel George E. Shoup, and the Indian Chief, Tendoy. Never did the loyalty of one man to the other waver, even after Shoup became Idaho's last territorial governor, its first governor as a State, and later as its senator to Washington, D.C. When he grew old, Tendoy reportedly asked a Christian minister if he would see his white friend again in the Happy Hunting Ground. When assured they would be reunited, Tendoy commented that now he could welcome death.

The most prevalent friendships were those among the women of both races, even though they weren't really formed on an equal or social level. The Indian women worked for the white women, doing washing, cleaning or any other household chore that needed to be done; they were paid 50¢ per day, which was considered a fair pay scale. Fringe benefits included leftover food, used clothing, and some of the lye soap they made together.

Two entirely new concepts to the Indians were involved in this arrangement: the first, in working for another person; and the second, in wanting money, for which they never before had any use. One thing, however, remained unchanged, and that was the gossip exchanged among them — it was no different than at any gathering of females today.

A lone brave was also a frequent visitor to the kitchens of the white women, especially on the days he knew butter was to be made. He had developed an intense liking for the liquid left in the churns after the rich spread had been taken out, and that craving earned him the name of Buttermilk Jim throughout the valley. Tiring of his constant mooching, one housewife finally told him that if he were to drink any more of it at her house, he would have to help with the churning. That didn't even slow him down — the next time he brought his wife, who did the churning while he impatiently waited outside in the shade.

Life at the Agency was rough at best, but the changes constantly and unexpectedly demanded by the Federal Government kept them in an uproar. During 1874, before the Reservation was even officially established, an agent of the Indian Commissioner was sent with orders for them to move to the Fort Hall Reservation along the Snake River, about 250 miles away near the present town of Pocatello. Tendoy flatly refused to obey, and there was nothing the embarrassed agent could do except write for further instructions.

If the Commissioner was surprised to hear of the defiant attitude of the Indians, he must have been dumbfounded to learn that the whites were also defiantly opposed to the move when Colonel Shoup took up the battle on a political front. On behalf of the settlers, Shoup wrote to John Hailey, territorial delegate to the national Congress, requesting that the Indians be left where they were because they "acted as a protection to the settlers against other Indians who were not good."

The amazed Hailey wrote back, in part, "I took it for granted that the people of Lemhi County would like to have the Indians removed from there. You must certainly have a much better set of Indians in your County than we have in my County or you would be anxious to git rid of

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them."

The Indians won that round, but six years later the government was at it again. This time it was through a policy the Department of Interior came up with to "take better care of them by providing better and cheaper facilities on a large Reservation' — and, of course, to open up more land to white men.

This necessitated a new treaty, so Tendoy and several of his advisors were taken to the Capitol to get agreement on it. Surprisingly, Tendoy did agree and signed it May 14, 1880. But it took the government nine more years to ratify it — a delay most likely due to the wise old chief who had stipulated that the treaty would go into effect only after a clear majority of the men on the reservation had signed it!

Four more years passed with no action taken, maybe because Col. Shoup had gone into politics himself and was now a U.S. Senator from the new state of Idaho. He even got a pension for Tendoy in the amount of $15 a month — just half of what he had asked for, but a victory nonetheless. And then Tendoy nearly lost that pension the following year when, in late winter, he committed his first hostile act toward any white man. The Agent at the reservation jailed some of the braves for a reason that the old Chief thought unfair, and in anger he marched to the stockade, opened it up and turned the prisoners loose. In retaliation the Agent tried to get the pension revoked, but he later changed his mind and recommended it be continued.

Then in the late 1890's, a new Agent came to the Lemhi, and he seemed to take a personal dislike to Tendoy right from the start. In his first report to the Commissioner, he insisted that the Indians had to have their tribal customs and religions broken so they would accept Christianity, take an active interest in farming, and accept him in supremacy over their Chief — as conditions stood, none of them would obey him (the Agent) unless Tendoy approved. He added that not even the police would carry out an order unless Tendoy said it was alright.

Things went from bad to worse. Early in 1900, an area of the reservation was being fenced by the Agent's orders, and as the two-mile job neared completion, a band of about 30 braves suddenly showed up and systematically tore it all down, hauled the poles back to the Agency and piled them up. The Agent was furious! In a hot letter he wrote the Commissioner that, "The police selected from this tribe are absolutely worthless and in league with the Chief to challenge the Agent's authority and power in the premises. These Indians have heretofore been humored and petted (to keep peace with them) until they have become almost intolerable ... therefore, some change should be forced upon them as they are absolutely and entirely under the control of Tendoy ... I am of the opinion that these Indians will never amount to much until order and discipline is established ... suggest that a detachment of soldiers be stationed here for the summer ... or I would ask that at least police be sent here from some other tribe."

Apparently Senator Shoup got into the act again about then, and soon learned that the trouble had started when a school matron had whipped one of the Indian girl students severely. Two of the police thought the matron had gone much too far with it and arrested her — and they were promptly fired by the Agent. Angered by the injustice, the police captain said he'd tear the fence down, and Tendoy didn't withhold his approval.

The matter was finally smoothed over, and since the fencing material hadn't been damaged, the Agent eventually got his employees to finish the job. But school remained a thorn in the side of the Indians, and in March, 1901, the Agent again tangled with Tendoy over it. One of his grandsons wasn't in school, so the Agent sent four policemen to the Tendoy home to get the boy and to arrest Hurrah Tendoy, who was supposedly his guardian and the one refusing to let him attend. But the four policemen were met by seven strong men from the family, plus two of their wives, and decided in a hurry they wanted no part of what the combined Tendoys were offering. They retreated back to the Agent, and he agreed it might not be smart to press it further — at least not in that direction. He hit them where it hurt by cutting off all their rations!

Some more frantic letter-writing took place, with the Commissioner being informed that the Tendoy boy was on his way to Butte, Montana, with his Uncle Tedim Tendoy, and then a follow-up letter saying, "I have recently learned that Chief Tendoy is more to blame for his grandson not coming to school than any other Indian. I have sent again for the boy and mean to get him."

The police caught up with the boy and uncle near Bannock City, Montana, and had no trouble taking him — after they found him, that is, for the boy ran away and hid out in the brush for a full day and night. Then the gloating Agent reported, "They are becoming more submissive since not receiving rations ... Tendoy seeing my purpose and shows signs of weakening. I therefore think his power will soon be broken."

But it still required the power of the old Chief in 1905 when the Department of Interior sent James McCoughlin to the reservation to issue an ultimatum to "remove to Fort Hall, under the provisions of the Treaty of 1880." He was worse than helpless, because not one brave had signed the treaty in all the years that had passed! And they still refused until Tendoy finally asked them to sign, which they did. The next day they were sorry they had, because Tendoy learned the full implications; he said he had not understood the agreement and felt he had been deceived.

Chief Tendoy staunchly, stuck to his convictions, refusing to go, and it was only after his death in 1907 that the Lemhis did move to Fort Hall. One report states, "They packed their meager belongings on horses, strapped the ends of their wick-i-up poles to the sides of the horses and they dragged them along. They were very sad and passed thru the valley, crying. The ranchers along the way could hear their crying for some distance before they passed their homes. The ranchers were near tears and some did cry."

Even then, many of them kept returning, living in camps near Salmon City. However, as the town's growth forced them from one spot to another, they found no permanent home until two of the area's most respected citizens, the late Howard Sims and his wife Marjorie, gave them a plot of ground to use. Situated on the outskirts of town along Warm Spring Creek, near the County fairgrounds, the Lemhis established a village of small houses, and a comparative few were able to take roots once again in their native country.

More than a century after they were first confined to a reservation, a new generation of Lemhi Indians received a cash settlement from the Great White Father, as further compensation for the land stolen from their forebears.

Their lot in life may be better than that of many other tribes in the nation, but a long trail still lies ahead before there is true equality for these Vanishing Americans along the River of No Return. ●RW

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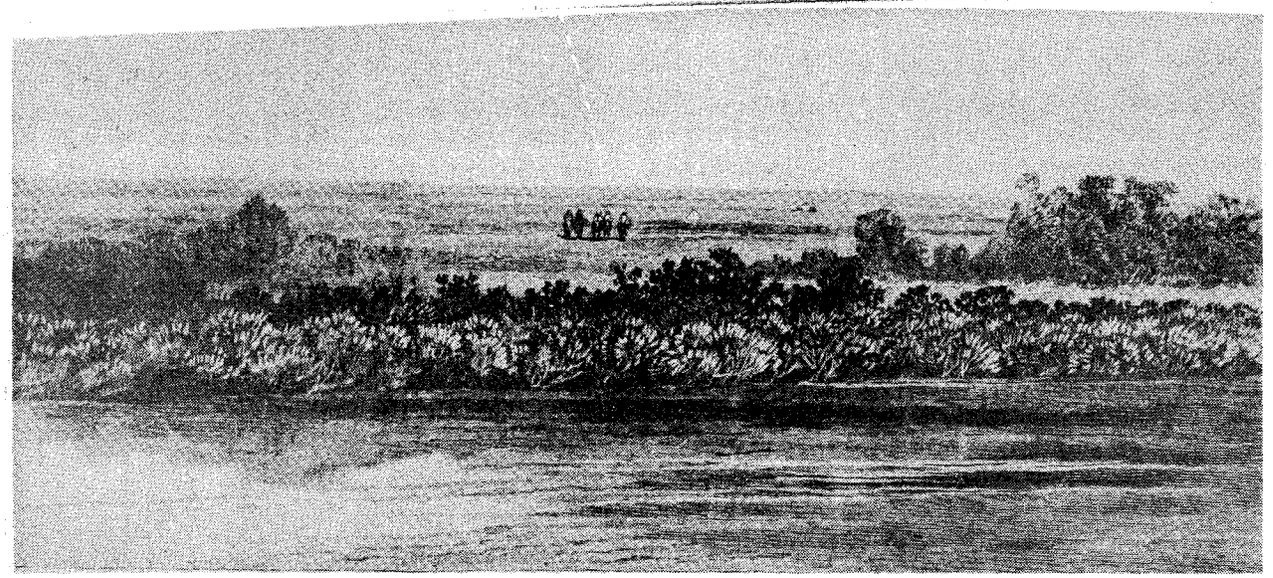

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper Sept. 18, 1886

The Little Bighorn River, West Side Reno Crossing.

CUSTER'S BATTLEFIELD 10 YEARS AFTER

From a contemporary account

It was on the 25th of June, 1876, that General Custer and the five companies under his command were annihilated by the hostile Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, whom they had gone to attack on the banks of the Big Horn River, in Montana. Two hundred and sixty-one officers and men were killed in that desperate fight, leaving not a single white participant to tell the tale. A monument now crowns the ridge where Custer fell, but the scene is as desolate and wild as ever. The bleached bones and skulls of horses killed in the battle of ten years ago are still strewn about the grassy field.

Last June, the tenth anniversary of the massacre was observed on the spot by a few of its survivors — soldiers of Major Reno's command, and several Sioux Indians. The Sioux chief, Gall, a fine-looking Indian, forty-six years old, going over the battlefield with the white men, told with much dignity and emotion how Custer's command was destroyed.

"Early in the morning," he said, "we saw the soldiers crossing the divide. When Reno and Custer separated we watched them until they came down into the valley. The cry was raised that the white soldiers were coming, and orders were given for the village to move. Reno swept down so rapidly upon the upper end that the Indians were forced to fight. Sitting Bull and I were at the point where Reno attacked. Sitting Bull was the big medicine man. The women and children were hastily moved down the stream where the Cheyennes were en-

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper Sept. 18, 1886

Survivors of the Custer Massacre. (Men who were with Reno's command.)

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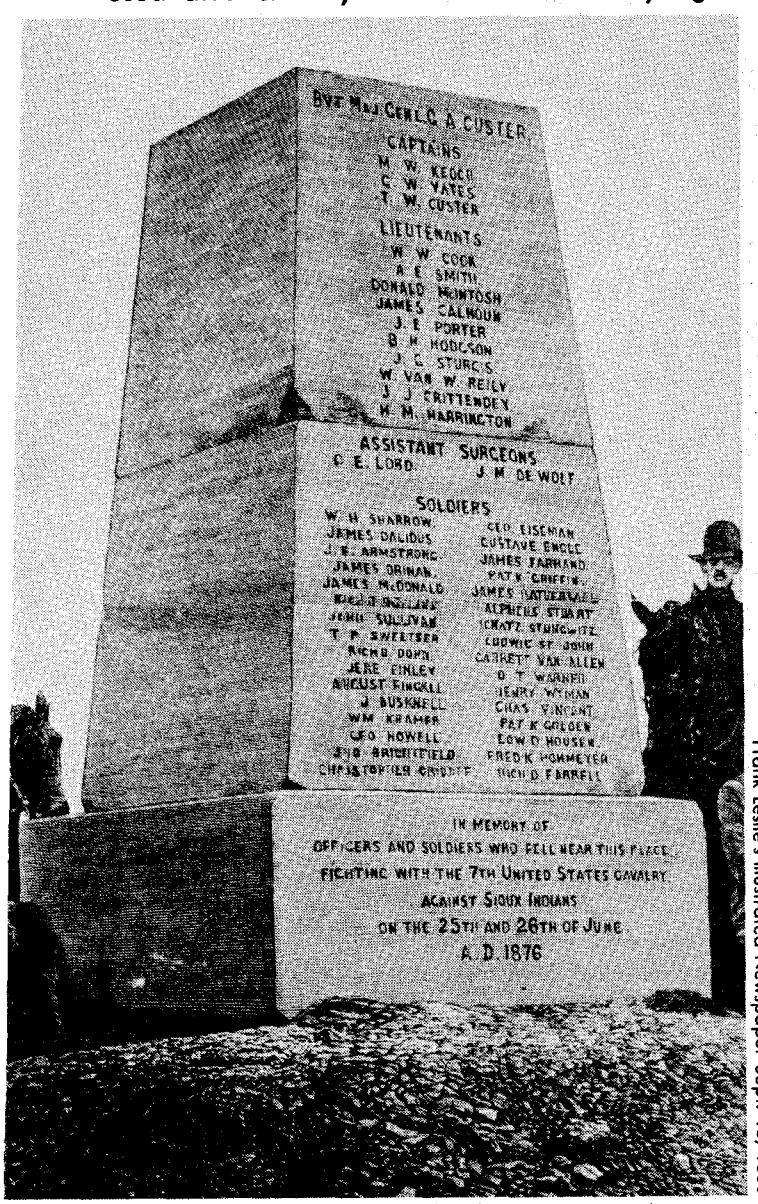
camped. The Sioux attacked Reno and the Cheyennes, Custer, and then all became mixed. The women and children caught horses for the bucks to mount, and the bucks mounted and charged back on Reno, checked him and drove him back into the timber. The soldiers tied their horses to trees, came out and fought on foot.

"As soon as Reno was beaten and driven back across the river, the whole force turned on Custer and fought him until they destroyed him. Custer did not reach the river, but was met half a mile up the ravine now called Reno Creek. The Indians ran out of ammunition and then used arrows. They fired from behind their horses. The soldiers got their shells stuck in the guns and had to throw them away. Then they fought with their little guns (pistols). The Indians were in couples behind and in front of Custer as he moved up the ridge, and were as many as the grass on the plains.

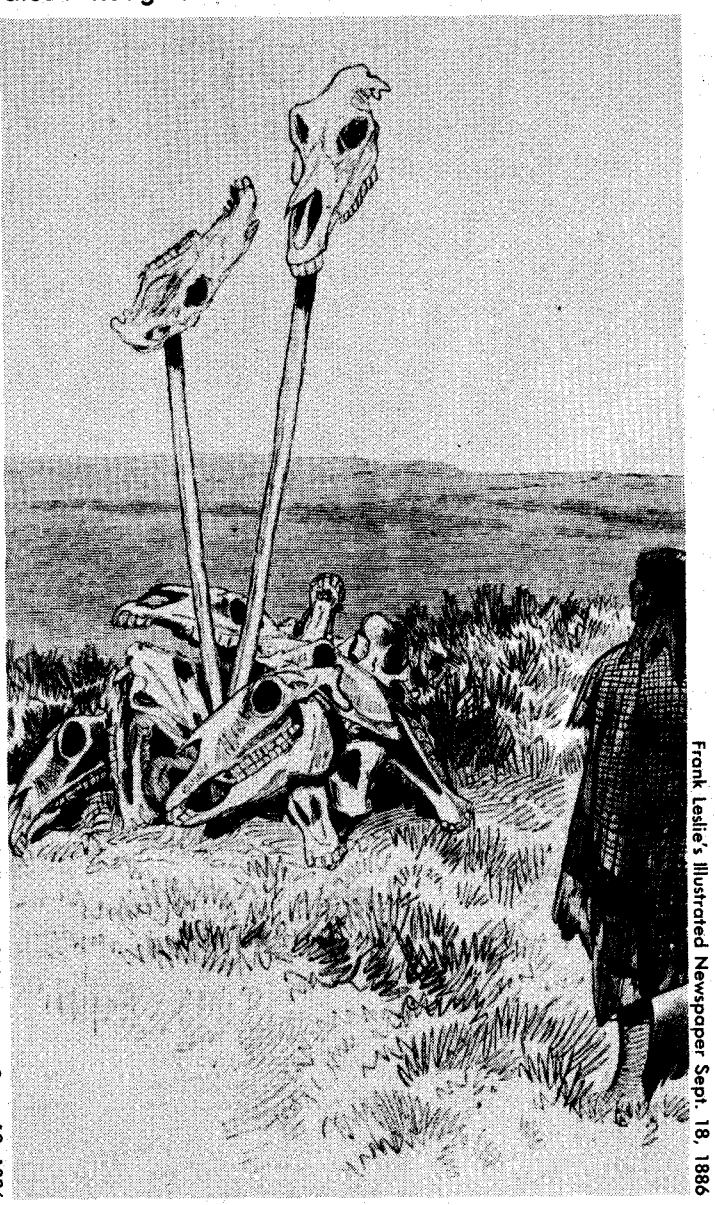
"The first two companies (Keogh's and Calhoun's) dismounted and fought on foot. They never broke, but retired step by step until forced back to the ridge upon which they finally died. They were shot down in line where they stood. Keogh's company rallied, and were all killed in a bunch." (This statement is borne out by facts, as thirty-eight bodies of Keogh's troopers were found piled in a heap.)

"The warriors directed a special fire against the troopers who held the horses, and as soon as a holder was killed, by waving blankets and great shouting, the horses were stampeded, which made it impossible for the soldiers to escape. The soldiers fought desperately and hard, and never surrendered. They fought standing in line on the right. As fast as the men fell the horses were herded and driven toward the squaws and old men, who gathered them up. When Reno attempted to find Custer by throwing out a skirmish line, Custer and all who were with him were dead."



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper Sept. 18, 1886

The Custer Monument



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper Sept. 18, 1886

Reno's Hill

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MAVERICK BEFORE THE MAST

By Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger

Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif. Berkeley

Richard H. Dana, Jr. Dana visited San Francisco Bay in 1835 and predicted: "When California becomes a prosperous country, this bay will be the center of its prosperity."

When Harvard student, Richard Henry Dana, sailed from Boston to San Francisco in 1835, the life of a seaman on a sailing ship was little better than that of a dog. He wrote *Two Years Before The Mast* and it was an instant success. Then, he began a brilliant career as a lawyer, devoting his life to defense of the underdog.

In a bright, clear day in December of 1835, a rugged young sailor of medium height and stocky build looked over the rail of the brig *Pilgrim* and saw San Francisco Bay. He was an observant fellow and took in everything: the fine timber lining its shores, the hill with a presidio or fort on top, and the one lonely habitation, a shanty belonging to an American who was trading with the Indians. Only one other ship was in view, and there was no sign of any settlement as far as the eye could see.

"If California ever becomes a prosperous country," wrote the sailor in his journal, "this bay will be the centre of its prosperity. The abundance of wood and water; the extreme fertility of its shores; the excellence of its climate ... and its facilities for navigation ... all fit it for a place of great importance."

More than twenty years later, the same man, now middle-aged and a little more serious and a little stockier, leaned over the rail of the steamer *Golden Gate* and saw San Francisco again, but now it was a bustling city of lights, buildings, enterprise and people, with the same harbor filled with ships, and a successor to the shanty carefully preserved as a local historical landmark. Richard Henry Dana had returned to see his prediction more than come true, with his own life as dramatically changed as the face of the land before him.

What tricks fate plays on human beings! Dana could remember all too vividly the circumstances of his first visit, when he had been a common seaman sailing before the mast. It was hardly a position in which you'd expect to find a member of the distinguished Dana family of Cambridge, Massachusetts, but very little of Dana's life would fit into any comfortable corner in a dry family history.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was born in Cambridge on August 1, 1815, one of four children of Ruth and Richard H. Dana, Sr. When the boy was only six, his mother died and left a terrible void in the family, especially for his father, who reacted to the tragedy by withdrawing into the family circle and almost becoming a hermit. Richard Dana, Sr., had never succeeded in the rough and tumble of life anyway. Trained as a lawyer, which was an old family tradition, he preferred to write poetry, and the family's finances reflected his preference. The Danas were rich in family pride and tradition, but not in anything else.

Still he managed to educate his son, who was sent to a number of schools, most of them dealing more in corporal punishment than in learning. Though the boy was somewhat of a dreamer, he was noted for his stout courage. On one occasion when he was beaten repeatedly by a vicious schoolmaster, Richard stoically refused to cry. Remembering this experience with undimmed outrage many years later, Dana wrote, "I could have gone to the stake for what I considered my honour."

But he survived the worst of the schools and finally entered Harvard. The boy was a fine student and did well until he got involved in a campus rebellion and was suspended for six months. Not long after his return to school, however, Richard was stricken with a case of measles, which left his eyes so painfully sensitive to light that he could neither read nor study. He had to leave school again, but this time under more ominous circumstances.

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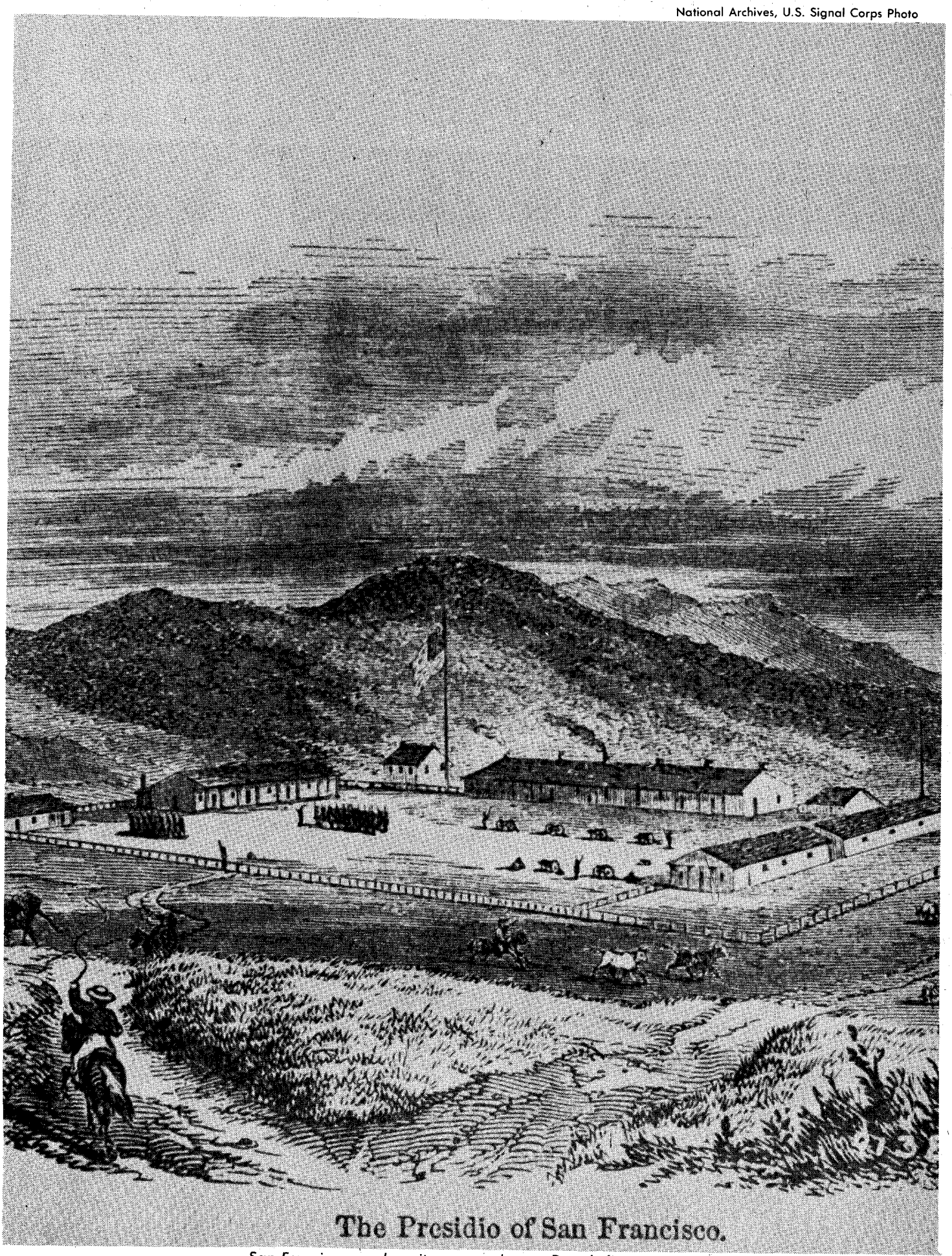
National Archives, U.S. Signal Corps Photo



San Francisco, much as it appeared upon Dana's first visit in 1835.

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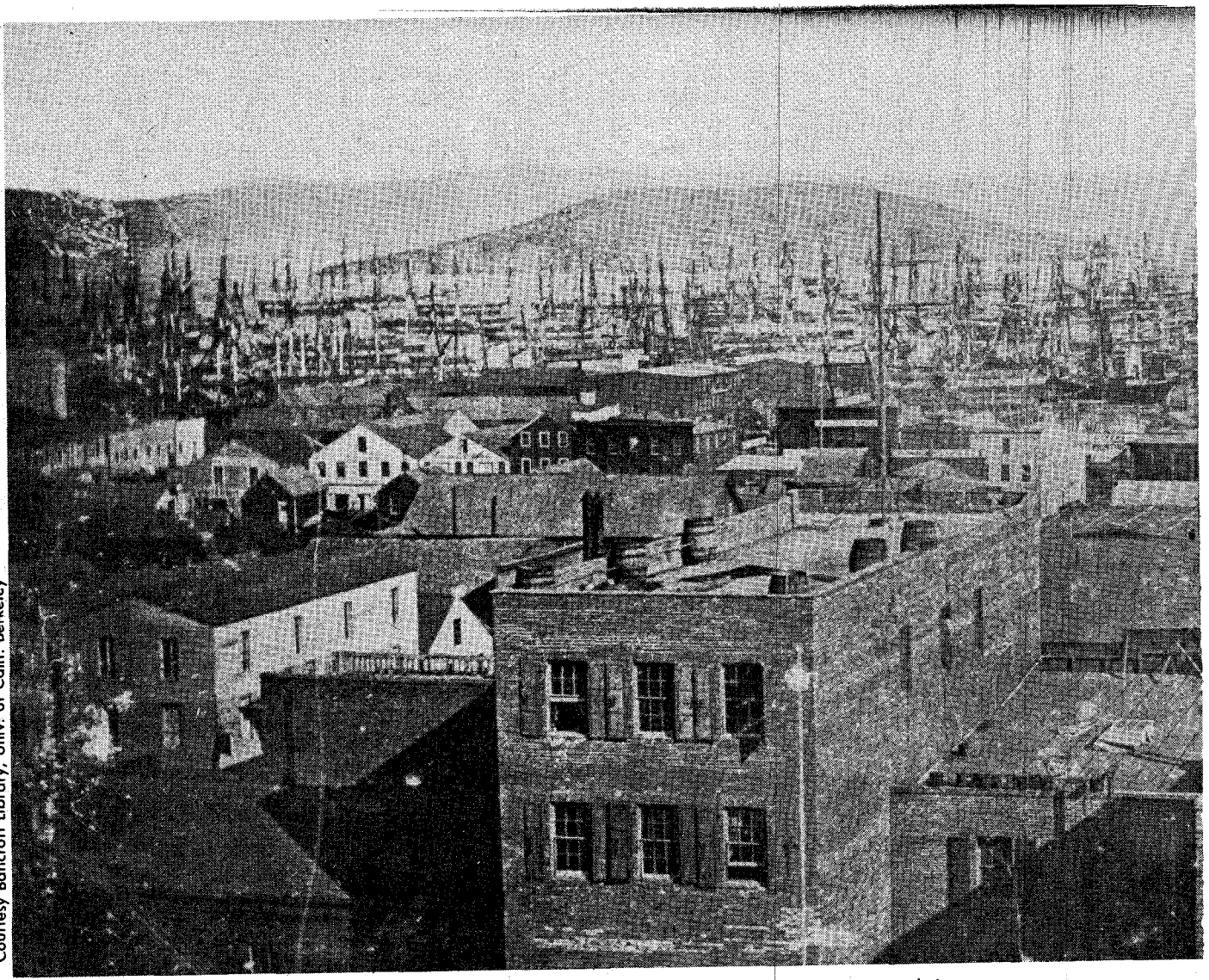

Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif. Berkeley

San Francisco in the 1850's as it looked when Dana visited the area a second time.

Rebels were nothing new in the Dana family. A distinguished ancestor, Francis Dana, was one of the first Sons of Liberty long before the Revolutionary War, and a couple of other Danas had already been suspended from Harvard for rioting. One of these, Richard's uncle, had sailed away on a frigate as a midshipman while he waited to be reinstated. Why couldn't Richard do the same?

He thought it over and decided that nothing could be worse than moping around the house, an object of pity and uncertainty. He would go to sea like Uncle Edmund, but he'd go as a common seaman and find out what the life was really like.

Richard Dana, Sr., could hardly object. For years he had been filling his son with stories of how he himself longed to go to sea, though he had never done it. If the boy had absorbed his own enthusiasm and had the initiative to try it, the father would have to give his consent, which he did despite private fears, and Richard set out to find himself a berth. On August 14, 1834, he sailed out of Boston Harbor on the brig *Pilgrim*, bound for the Mexican province of California, just 19 years old and thirsting for high adventure.

The cocky youngster had always considered himself tough enough to handle anything, but it took all the grit he could muster to adjust to the hard life he had resigned himself to. The lot of a common seaman aboard ship was little better in those days than that of a slave, as Dana found out very soon. It featured miserable living conditions, brutality, round-the-clock work, bad food, indifferent medical treatment, and small wages. By the time the ship had arrived in Monterey, after a difficult voyage of 150 days, he had learned enough by hard experience to have a lifelong sympathy for the seaman, and for the underdog in any fight.

Richard kept a journal in which to note his observations and relieve some of his pent-up emotions, and to have a record of the voyage. There were only a few books on board and even fewer people capable of challenging his lively intellect, but Dana got along well with nearly everyone, and made friends by doing his job and being good company.

The California he saw in 1835 was very different from the golden land that has been described in song and story ever since the Gold Rush. The country was but loosely held by the Mexican government, which had thrown off the yoke of Spain, and was considered merely an outer province, a sort of stepchild by the home government in Mexico City. Accordingly it was manned by only a handful of ragged soldiers at a few run-down forts in widely separated places; it had not been developed at all.

The seat of government was at Monterey, which is why the *Pilgrim* landed there first instead of stopping at a closer port, like San Diego or Santa Barbara. It was necessary for each visiting ship to pay high duties on all cargo before being allowed to trade anywhere in California. This system gave the government a fat share of the profits, allowed Monterey the best pick of the goods, and kept out many traders. However, Dana observed that some ships, after checking in at Monterey and ob-

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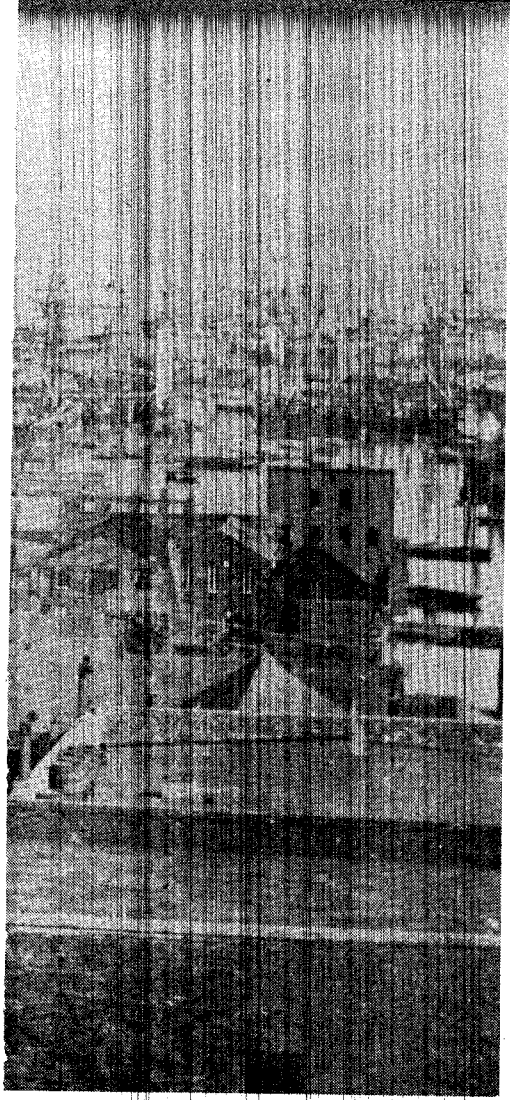


taining the necessary papers, would rendezvous with others offshore and come back with more goods to sell at other California ports. It was illegal, but profitable.

The ships that came to trade brought a wide variety of merchandise, and all of it was eagerly purchased in a land without factories. The offerings included silks, calico, jewelry and combs, home furnishings, shawls and scarfs, coffee and tea, barrels of whiskey, kitchen equipment, boots, pins, spices, raisins, molasses, hardware — even fireworks. The arrival of a ship come to trade was a great occasion, and customers would be rowed back and forth to view the goods. The traders had to provide the transportation because, incredibly, these people who lived by the sea had no boats.

The people of California at that time were Spanish, Indian or mixed, and everyone was very blood-conscious. The top of the social ladder was pure Spanish blood and the bottom pure Indian. Dana was impressed by the dark beauty of the women and the dignity and elegance of the men, but he wrote:

"The Californians are an idle, thriftless people, and can make nothing for themselves. The county abounds in grapes, yet they buy, at a great price, bad wine made in Boston."

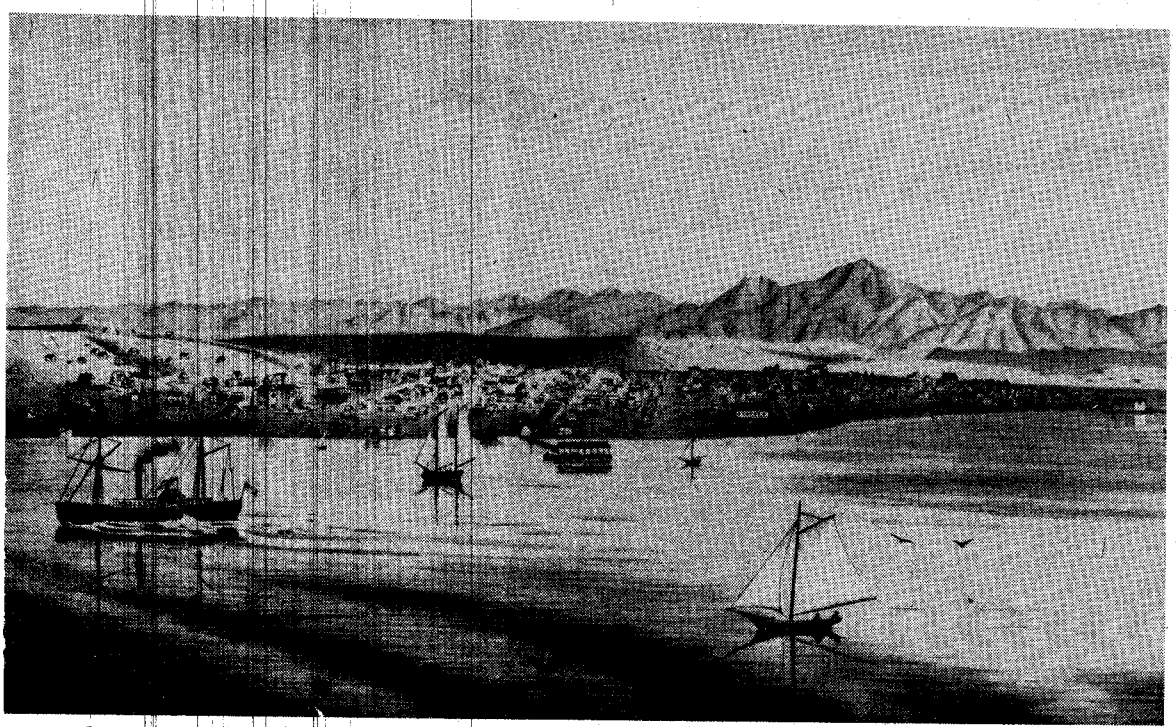
They also bought poorly made shoes at 300% of their eastern price, and paid for everything generously in hides and silver. Hides were such a common currency that the Americans called them "California banknotes," which was not such a bad description at that, as California had no banks, no investment system, and no courts. Property was acquired by grant or inheritance, and all disputes were decided by government officials. Dana was amazed by the primitive living conditions, indolent life, and complete lack of interest in any sort of progress:

"Such are the people who inhabit a country embracing four or five hundred miles of sea-coast, with several good harbours, with fine forests in the north; the waters filled with fish, and the plains covered with thousands of herds of cattle ... In the hands of an enterprising people, what a country this might be!"

The only ports in California at that time, going from north to south, were San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Pedro and San Diego, and it was the business of the *Pilgrim* to gather up as many hides as could be purchased at all of them to take back to Boston. The little ship sailed up and down the coast to one port or another, loading hides which were then dropped off at San Diego for curing. When all the hides a ship could carry were gathered and cured, she sailed for home.

But home was far away in both time and distance as the gathering of the hides began. Dana watched with dismay as his shipmates carried hides on their heads, walking over sand and stone alike in their bare feet and getting wet to the waist, even in the cold offshore wind. The hides must not be allowed to get wet, and every time they were either loaded or unloaded, this was the way it was done. The men wore thick woollen caps as a cushion and to keep their hair from actually being worn away as they carried the hides one or two at a time.

"Well, Dana," the second mate said to the young seaman, "this does not look muck like Harvard College, does it? But it is what I call 'head



Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif. Berkeley

San Diego as it appeared before the coming of the Americans. Dana and rest of his ship's crew cured hides in the area. Hides were one of the most profitable trade items from California in the 1830's.

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work.' "

And to Dana: "To tell the truth, it did not look very encouraging." However, soon he was carrying hides, too, and the huge bags of tallow that it took two strong men to lift. It was killing work, but it had to be done.

Sunday was supposed to be a day of rest for the crew, but the captain usually managed to sail that day to avoid giving them time off. Dana tolerated everything, however, until one day, off San Pedro, the captain lost his temper and mercilessly flogged two men, one just for asking a question. Though like the other seamen he could only stand by helplessly and watch, all the anger in him welled up as he remembered similar cruelties he had suffered as a boy, and he privately vowed, "that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot had so long been cast."

Up and down the coast the little brig ranged, collecting hides, to Monterey which Dana described as "decidedly the pleasantest and most civilised-looking place in California," and to Santa Barbara which had a "long sand beach, with the heavy rollers breaking upon it in a continual roar, and the little town, embedded on the plain, girt by its amphitheatre of mountains." Less lyrical was his opinion of San Pedro "which was universally called the hell of California, and seemed designed in every way for the wear and tear of sailors."

All the towns, such as they were, had a quiet air about them that was almost appalling:

"Day after day the sun shone clear and bright upon the wide bay and the red roofs of the houses, everything being as still as death, the people hardly seeming to earn their sunlight."

But soon it was time to begin the hide curing, and Dana was put to this task at the San Diego hide house. He learned all the steps of this messy business, from pounding in the surf to cleaning out the vats, which he said gave up "a stench which would drive a donkey from his breakfast." However, there were indolent days when the stock of hides on hand had been worked, and Dana could enjoy riding through the country and swapping stories with the genial Kanakas who shared his quarters and his labors. He found sleepy San Diego "a snug little place," and liked to visit "the old ruinous presidio," whose entire defense consisted of two disabled guns and a dozen hungry-looking unarmed soldiers. On a visit to the mission, he had the best meal he had seen since leaving home, consisting of "baked meats, frijoles stewed with peppers and onions, boiled eggs, and California flour baked into a kind of macaroni," (we would call the latter fritos), plus excellent homemade wine. He played with wild dogs, the descendants of abandoned pets that ran the beach, fished, hunted and just loafed, and it was fun for awhile.

However, Dana was becoming very homesick, so when another Boston ship, the *Alert,* was to return east, he wrote to his family to arrange his transfer to it. Although the captain tried to trick Dana into remaining on the *Pilgrim,* he was aboard the *Alert* when she left San Diego, loaded to the gunwales with hides on May 8, 1836. After a treacherous journey through heavy ice fields in the South American winter, the ship arrived in Boston on September 20. Dana was profoundly grateful to be safely home. He wrote:

"To be transferred in a day from a forecastle, the contact of none but rough & vulgar men, servile duty, blasphemy, obscenity & tyranny, to perfect freedom & leisure, literary conversation, refined language & manners with all the arts & ornaments of polished life ... was a change which has not befallen many."

By the time Dana returned to his joyous family in Boston, several things had forever changed for him. First of all, his health was sounder, his body tougher, and his mind more alert than ever before. The experiences he had undergone, the terrific labors that would either kill or cure, had wrought a profound change in his outlook and character, and had deepened his understanding. His eye trouble had completely cleared up, so there was no reason why he couldn't return to Harvard and wind up his studies. He graduated one of the leading scholars of the class of '37, winning two major prizes, and then went on to law school. Here Dana discovered that the law, which his father so detested, was full of excitement for him. Another distinguished lawyer named Dana, perhaps the most famous one of all, was in the making.

Dana left law school in 1840, and after studying with a distinguished Boston attorney for awhile, prepared to open his own office. But before he could do this, he had one bit of important business to attend to.

From the notes he had taken almost daily on his trip to California, Dana had compiled a narrative, which his father and all the friends who read it urged him to publish.

Dana was gratified by the response of his friends and determined to give it a try. He had two purposes in trying to publish his story: first, to bring to public attention the crying need for sweeping maritime reforms; and second, to attract maritime cases to his new law practice. *Harper's* expressed an interest in the manuscript but drove a hard bargain, paying the young author only $250 and no royalties for what was to become one of the most famous books of all time, *Two Years Before the Mast.* It was published in September of 1840 when the author was just 25 years old, in a modest edition that bore only Dana's initials, not even his full name, but it was an instant success. Dana received a much bigger slice of the profits from a British edition and from other foreign ones; when the copyright expired in 1868, he brought out his own edition which contained some fascinating new material, telling of the fate of many of his shipmates and of a later visit to California.

But his prime concern in 1840 was to have the book published in time to do him or his cause some good. It certainly did send maritime cases to his door, but most of them were cases in which Dana represented indigent seamen against the powerful shipowners. Despite an excellent winning record in court, Dana's clientele couldn't pay much, and his defense of seamen alienated big shipping interests. This was no way to fame and fortune, but with Dana the motivation was a powerful combination: a love affair with the law and a determination to see justice done, especially to the helpless and oppressed. He handled some very ugly cases, involving brutality, maltreatment of all sorts, and even murder, but he once noted, "I never have trouble with the upper class of merchants, but only with the small grinding machines and petty traders who save by small medicine chests and poor provisions."

Things were going along well, and for a young attorney, Dana had made a running start. He decided that it was time to pursue his other love affair — with Sally (Sarah) Watson, whom he had met in 1839. Dana had given her an emerald engagement ring because it was the color of the sea. After a courtship of more than two years, the young couple were married at her home in Hartford, Connecticut on August 25, 1841, and now Dana had everything to work for. He set to in earnest and built up a

(continued on page 62)

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

SITTING BULL IN SHOW BUSINESS

Sitting Bull and five other Indian Chiefs are on exhibition in this city (New York). It is said that after paying expenses, part of the money will be given to the chiefs, part sent to the poor people of the tribe, and part kept for educational or farming purposes.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
September 20, 1884

COLLAPSE OF THE COEUR D'ALENE MINING DISTRICT

A Montana correspondent who recently visited the Coeur D'Alene mining district writes: "Never in the history of mining excitements in the Northwest has there been so flat a collapse as now prevails in the Coeur D'Alene mining region. A great rush was made in the winter and early spring, when the snow was on the ground, and excited prospectors staked off any number of claims on the presumption that they were gold-bearing, and would yield up their treasures when the snow disappeared. While some of the mines were good and gave promise of great richness, the mass of them were found to be worthless and of no value whatever, which caused an exodus to set in, or rather out, nearly equal to the rush that populated it a few months previous.

I wandered from Raven City to Butte, from Butte to Murray, from Murray to Osburne, and from Osburne to Eagle. With the exception of Murray, which contained what little there was still left in the expiring Coeur D'Alenes, everything bore a deserted, woe-begone appearance, as if some great calamity had fallen upon the doomed region, sweeping away every vestige of humanity and leaving nothing but the cabins and tumble-down shanties to tell that the place had once been inhabited.

On all sides could be seen playing cards; in ones, twos and threes and sometimes in whole packs floating in the creeks, hid among the rocks and in the gulches, or strewn up and down the paths and roadways, whichever way you turned. Look this way, and a queen of spades was mournfully eyeing you, look that way, and a knave of diamonds was diabolically smiling at you; look the other way, and a king of clubs was threateningly warning you not to "tread on him". Thousands of poker checks were scattered liberally among the dust and mud and rocks, as if the greatest gambling establishment on earth had suddenly been overturned by an earthquake, or some other great upheaval of the ground, and the red, white and blue chips profusely distributed in showers over the surrounding country.

In its palmiest days, the Coeur D'Alene must have been a great gambling as well as mining district, if the evidences to be met everywhere in the neighborhood of Pritchard Gulch are to be believed for what they say."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
September 20, 1884

BISHOP POTTER SAVES THIEF FROM BEING LYNCHED

The report that Bishop Potter of Nebraska whipped two cowboys soon after his arrival upon the field of his ecclesiastical labors is confirmed in a letter to a friend in Troy, where he once held a pastorate. The cowboys were guarding a thief who was to be lynched and the Bishop, after trying persuasiveness in vain, liberated the fellow by force.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 11, 1884

SITTING BULL FINANCIALLY WELL OFF

Sitting Bull may now bid defiance to Indian agents. He is said to have packed away $30,000 since he has been on show in New York.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 25, 1884

BEWARE OF SAN FRANCISCO DENTISTS

A San Francisco dentist agreed to fill a person's teeth for $17.50, but when the work was completed charged $22.50. The individual refused payment, and the dentist removed the fillings by force. The patient brought suit for damages and was awarded $217.50 and costs.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
November 8, 1884

GENERAL CUSTER'S FATHER ALIVE AND WELL

The father of General Custer lives in Michigan. He is described as being of venerable appearance, with long white beard and hair. He is seventy-eight years old, and may be often seen driving a horse that his gallant son rode in the Black Hills.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
November 15, 1884

SARAH WINNEMUCCA LECTURING

Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of a chief of the Piutes, recently gave a lecture at Virginia City, Nevada, on "People I met in the East." She was dressed in Indian costume. Not an Indian attended the lecture. The Piutes are said to think that she has descended in the scale of civilization by wearing usually the costume of white women. She is laboring to get money to establish an independent Indian school at Pyramid Reservation.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 4, 1884

CATTLE INDUSTRY MOVING NORTH

The star of the empire in the stock business has passed away from Colorado, Nebraska and Wyoming, and has moved Northwest into the fertile grazing valleys of Dakota and Montana. One company has 45,000 head of cattle in Montana; another firm has 24,000 head of beeves in the same locality; still another has 18,000 on its range. Yet others have respectively 40,000, 60,000, and so on.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 11, 1884 ●RW

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

By Mario A. DeMarco

Boyd, with his silver white hair, dark western clothes, astride his beautiful, spotless white stallion "Topper," truly made a magnificent entrance, whether it be at a rodeo or a business promotional junket. Wherever he appeared, the loyal fans of "Hopalong Cassidy" flocked in numbers. Boyd was so closely associated with his film character that the latter succeeded in virtually making his millions of fans forget his real identity. Many of these fans little realized that the matured Boyd had not just reached the pinnacle of film stardom, which had been achieved when he first accepted the part in the Clarence E. Mulford stories; it was the second time around for the white-haired hero whose career dated back to the silent era, where he first began as a teenager.

William Lawrence Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio on June 5, 1895. Tragedy struck the Boyd family early in Bill's life when his father was killed in an accident. The family had just moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma. Still in his teens, Bill quit school to work in the oil fields; he also took jobs as a laborer, grocery clerk, miner, lumberjack, auto salesman and other odd jobs. About this time World War I had broken out, and young Bill tried to enlist in the Army. But he was turned down because of an injury suffered on one of his jobs. After a brief marriage with heiress Ruth Miller, which ended in divorce, Bill headed for Hollywood. He toured the studios, looking for work and landed a job as an extra in one of Cecil B. DeMille's productions, *Why Change Your Wife?* in 1919. The great man of film making took a liking to young Boyd and began starring him in some of his big productions, such as *The Volga Boatman* and *King of Kings*. These productions helped to skyrocket the white-haired Boyd to stardom at Paramount Studios. He became one of their biggest stars.

One advantage that Bill had was his voice. When "talkies" entered the scene, Bill's was excellent, and he made the change without difficulty. Pictures like *High Voltage, Lucky Devils, Burning Gold, The Painted Desert* were excellent action films, and they kept him in the high brackets as a star.

The year 1931 proved to be the downfall of Bill's great career, for at this time another actor with the same name was arrested for a shocking incident that had occurred at a beach party. The newspapers had mistakenly used the wrong photo. The headlines and photo appeared all over the country, and the fans began dropping off when Bill's pictures showed at the theaters. His career went downhill, all due to the mistaken identity of the person involved in the incident. It took the innocent William Boyd nearly four years to make his comeback. Today there are few actors with the same name, due to this tragic error.

In 1935 it was "Pop" Harry Sherman who had the key for Boyd's success in his second venture to stardom. Sherman had just purchased the rights to Clarence Mulford's "Hopalong Cassidy" series and was putting together his first picture based on the character. Pop offered the lead to Boyd, which he accepted. Instead of playing the part of Buck Peters, he chose the more colorful part of "Hopalong." Eventually, the character dominated the rest of the series. His young partner, Jimmy Ellison, was given the role of "Johnny Nelson." Ellison played Johnny in eight of the pictures before Russel Hayden took over the part in 1937, not as Nelson, but as "Lucky Jenkins." Four years later, Russell decided to go on his own and it was taken over by several newcomers: George Reeves, (later to become famous as Superman), Jimmy Rogers and Rand Brooks. For comic relief there was George "Gabby" Hayes and, like Ellison and Hayden, he relinquished his role to others, including Andy Clyde, a veteran in that field.

All in all, Harry Sherman produced over 60 of these "Hopalong" series through Paramount Pictures and later United Artists, then called it quits in 1944. Several years later, which proved to be a wise move, Boyd began producing his own series in which he starred. He made 12 of the Cassidy features. The series was just about played out when television took over and revived them. A Whole new generation began watching the series. "Hopalong Cassidy" became a byword in America and Europe, and Boyd bought the rights to Sherman's early Cassidy productions. It was in 1948 that the first "Hoppy" picture was shown on the "tube", and from then on, Boyd's popularity began to rise rapidly.

Bill made a vast fortune from the sale of his films and products based on the screen character. Having finished making films in the middle 50's, Boyd went on a personal appearance tour of the country with the Cole Brothers circus. After this stint, he retired and lived quietly and happily with his wife, Grace Bradley, who had been an actress herself.

Bill died in September of 1972 after a long illness. He will always be remembered by his many fans as "Hopalong Cassidy." ●RW

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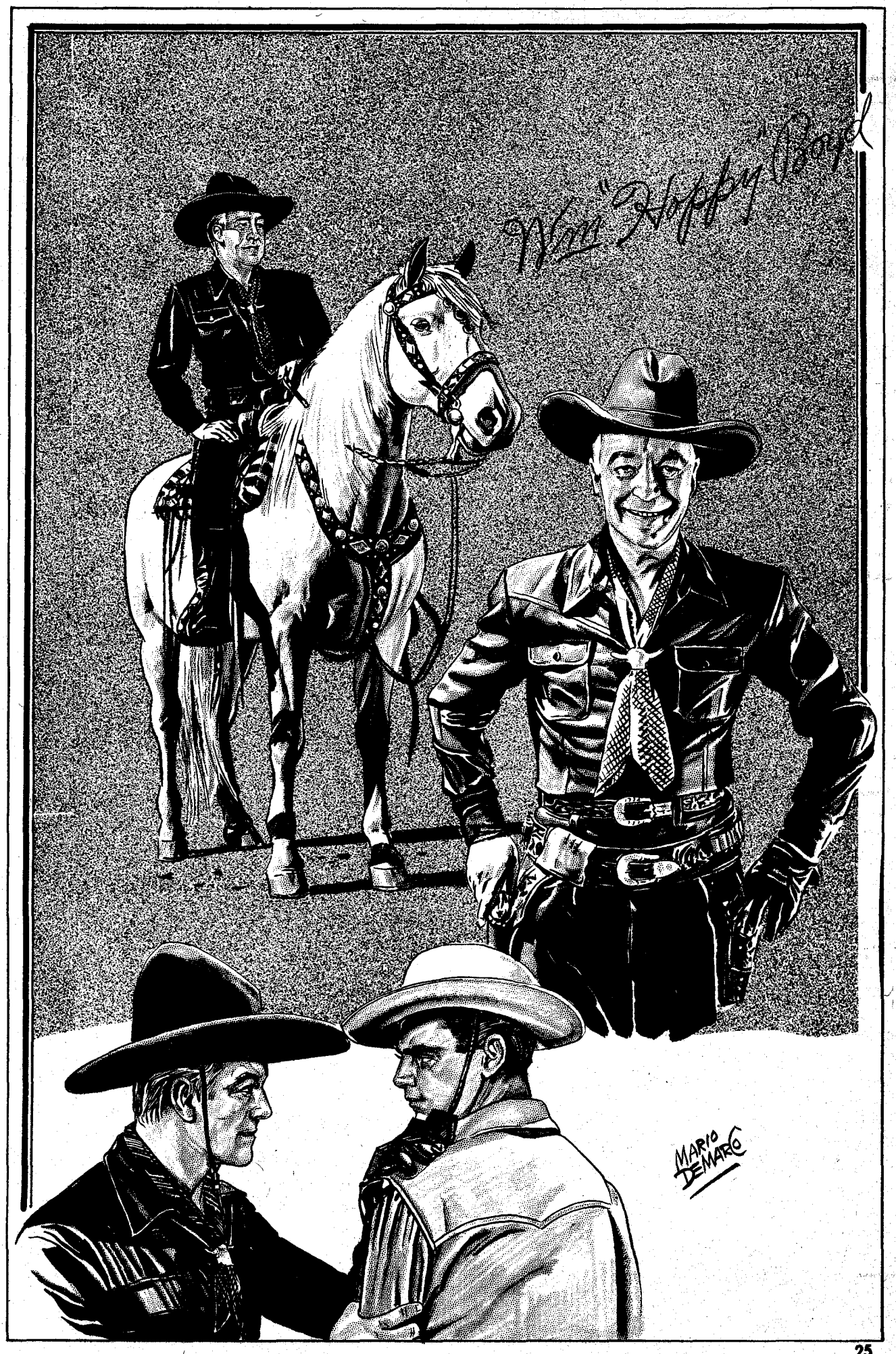

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DOCTORS, DISEASE And MEDICINE In The Early West

By Thomas A. Frazier

Few of the romantic, adventurous tales of life in The Early West mention the incredible lack of sanitation on the trail or in the cities. New York was a festering garbage dump only one hundred and twenty years ago and San Francisco was even worse. Many, many more settlers died of cholera, scurvy, malaria, and dysentery than from Indian arrows.

Conditioned by the standardized Westerns ground out for the movies and television, most of us assume that the greatest peril to the pioneers of the early and middle 1800's as they slowly trekked across the plains was the savage red man. We are all familiar with the scene: alerted by the wagon master, the wagons are drawn up into a defensive circle, rifles are at the ready, and soon the Indians descend, galloping furiously around the embattled emigrants, filling the air with arrows, bullets and war whoops.

Well, of course, that did happen — many times — and many a person never made California because of it. But the casualties due to Indian attacks pale beside the toll demanded by the spectres which lined the 2,000-mile trail from Missouri to the Promised Land — the insatiable spectres of Cholera, Scurvy, Malaria and Dysentery. Their exactions spared neither man, woman or child; they struck without warning, and the accompanying horror was increased by a feeling of helplessness: how can you fight what you don't understand?

In the main, the Indians were rather modest in their objectives: a few horses and cattle satisfied them, and any deaths were incidental. They struck and were gone, for the most part, rather quickly. Not so the diseases; they lingered, and spread, and followed and traveled alongside for weeks. Men, women and children who were active, healthy and bright at sunrise would be cold and dead by sunset. And the scourge would follow, mile after mile and day after day, sometimes week after week.

Nothing points up the tremendous advances in medicine, exemplified by today's standards, than a comparison of the way things were in the 1800's. New York City, for instance; the largest city in the country, it was the epitome of American civilization: bustling, busy, money-making. And yet, doctors of today would recoil in horror to see the living conditions. The jammed tenements were literally hog-wallows; people actually kept pigs in their apartments, feeding them their leftovers in order to maintain a ready supply of fresh meat. The animals' complete life cycle was conducted there, including their digestive processes, with all it implies. During one sporadic cleanup, it was discovered that one tenement sheltered 106 hogs. Sanitation was nonexistent. Piles of garbage and offal lay for weeks, festering in the streets. The public was complacent, paying no attention to the few voices in the wilderness which suggested a connection between disease and unsanitary conditions. They comforted themselves with the fact that their city was no dirtier than any other. And they were right about that.

The unsanitary habits of the time were continued when the travelers reached the West Coast. Sacramento and San Francisco, which mushroomed from small settlements to sprawling tent cities, were just as filthy, if not more so. According to eyewitnesses, San Francisco, which in two years increased its population from 800 to 25,000, was one huge garbage heap. The smell from the accumulation in the streets was nauseating. Dr. Joseph Middleton, who was there, wrote: "This is the most abhorrent place that man ever lived. If they have not a sweeping pestilence, it will not be for want of material to provide it."

These people, then, with their lack of knowledge of the importance of sanitation and hygiene as a deterrent to disease, were ripe, ready and easy victims for the onslaught.

And what of the physicians of the time, the peoples' guardians of health? There were enough of them, but, unfortunately, reflecting the sad lack of standards, they ranged from graduates of the best medical schools of the world to the most illiterate and outrageous quacks. Even most of the capable ones had no knowledge of the origins of the diseases. Microbiology was a science of the future. The capable doctors' triple answer to mysterious illness was to bleed the patient, blister him, and purge him.

Bleeding was a great favorite, and although a minority of the doctors doubted its value, most patients felt cheated if they weren't bled. It was a simple operation: a knife thrust in the vein to let out the "bad blood", the theory being that something deleterious in the bloodstream was causing the misery: ergo, let it out and the patient would recover. Excessive bleeding of a weakened patient many times hastened his death. Some more advanced physicians, more delicate in their approach, eschewed the knife approach and instead applied those charming little creatures known as leeches to the skin, carefully starving them first to insure their voracity and egging them on by coating the patient's skin with cream and/or sugar.

Blistering was usually reserved for wounds and infections, the idea again being to flush out the poisons. A horsehair pulled beneath the skin would produce a splendid blister. Also, mustard spread over it was sure to bring forth a good crop. The old favorite, though, was to slowly burn a piece of cotton on the infected section of skin.

Purging, sometimes coupled with bleeding, was caused by the ingestion of very powerful laxatives and emetics and, at the same time, the administration of jalap, a drug which induced a flow of sweat and saliva.

These were the three main weapons with which the doctor of the day met the challenge of disease.

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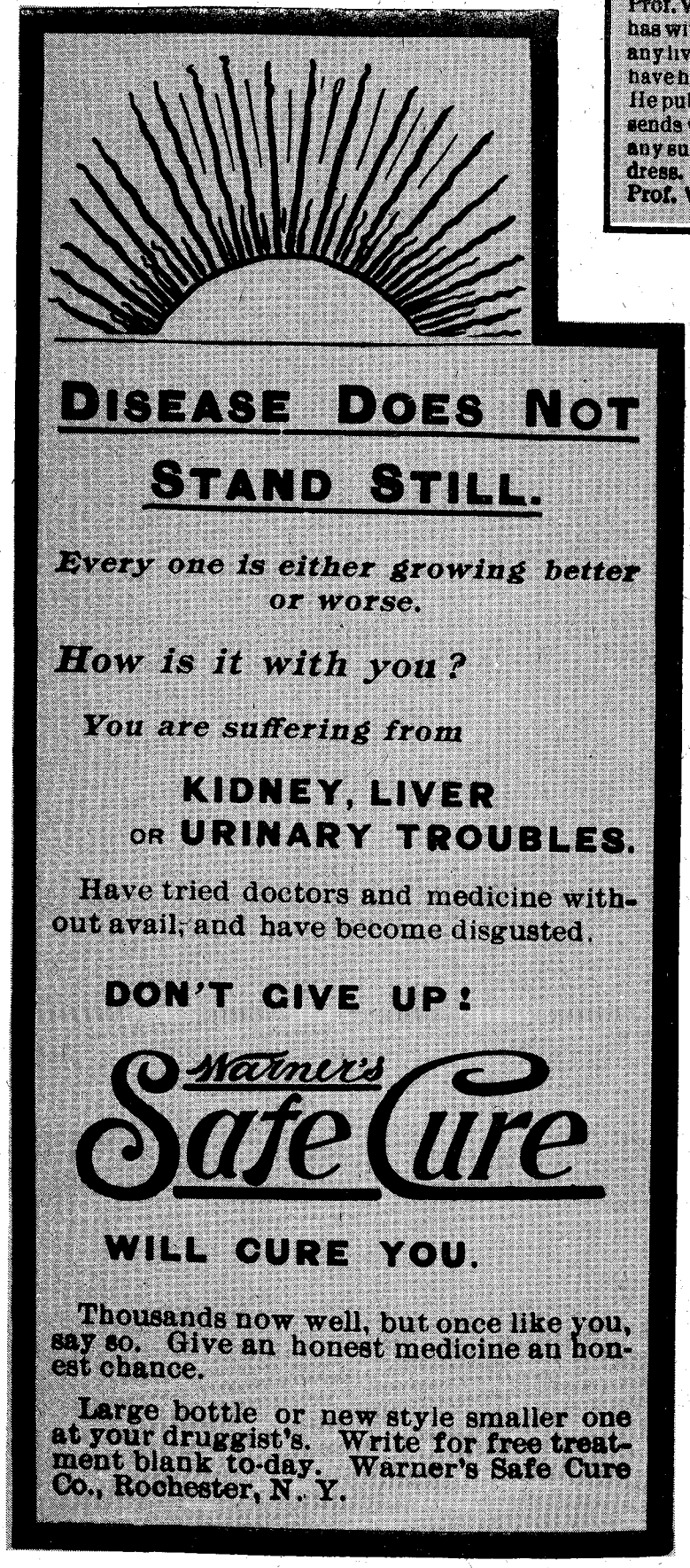
Ads like these promising to cure any ailment appeared in leading papers and magazines during the 1870's and 1880's while millions were dying from cholera, yellow fever, typhoid and other diseases.


DISEASE DOES NOT
STAND STILL.
Every one is either growing better or worse.
How is it with you?
You are suffering from
KIDNEY, LIVER
OR URINARY TROUBLES.
Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.
DON'T GIVE UP!
Warner's
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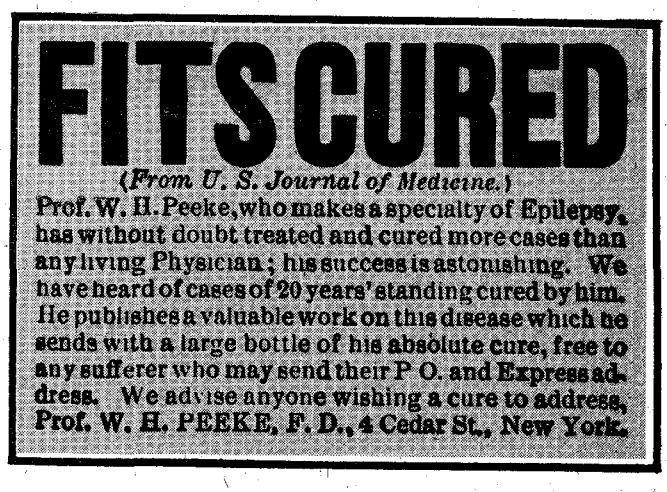
WILL CURE YOU.
Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine an honest chance.
Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Write for free treatment blank to-day. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.


FITS CURED
(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)
Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

In addition to "regular" doctors, there were homeopaths, eclectics, Thomsonians, and hydropaths. Homeopaths believed, among other things, that the smaller the dose of medicine the better. Eclectics borrowed from almost every other branch of medicine. Hydropaths held that all illness yielded to water, applied internally and externally. But all of them, the regulars included, did not understand the origin of disease.

Cholera, that ancient scourge, was the big killer. At the period of the great Western trek it was spreading all over the world. It had started in the Ganges area of India, spread to China, the Middle East, then Europe; it took a million lives in Europe. Its fatality rate was fifty per cent.

The Gold Rush attracted Europeans as well as Americans. They disembarked by the hundreds at American ports. With no quarantine requirements, they promptly joined the crowds of passengers going around the Horn to California, or across Panama or Guatemala. Those infected with cholera, or even exposed to it, infected others, and they others, until the deadly circle was complete. They mingled with the crowds at St. Joseph, Missouri and Independence, and as the wagon trains pulled out, they harbored an unknown and unwelcome passenger: cholera.

Cholera, as we know now, is caused by an organism transmitted by the victim in his excreta. Water or food polluted by this organism will cause cholera. Boiling of water and cooking of food usually kills the germ, and the injection of certain sulfa drugs (which the emigrants did not have) will also kill the germ. Essential, of course, is sanitation, burning of infected clothing, washing of hands, etc., which did not occur to the physicians of the day.

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THE WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR

CANCER, SYPHILIS, SCROFULA, ULCERS AND OTHER CHRONIC BLOOD DISEASES.

DR. P. T. KEENE having just returned from Ecuador and brought with him a quantity of the *genuine* **Cundurango Bark**, secured through the official recommendation and assistance of His Excellency the President of Ecuador, and the Government of that Republic, we are prepared to fill orders for it to a limited extent, and at a price about one-quarter of that which the cost of the first very small supply compelled us to charge.

A **spurious** article is now advertised and sold as Cundurango. We have, at a considerable expense, and with the co-operation of the authorities of Loja, the province where the plant grows, so directed the channel for our supply as to insure that none but the **genuine article** shall be sold by us; and we particularly call the attention of the public, for their protection, to this fact.

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One wagon trainer has left us, in his diary, his recipe for cholera: One tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoonful red pepper, mixed in one half pint boiling water.

If he survived, it surely wasn't due to his recipe. Some other popular "cures" for the cholera were doses of opium and mercury. Doctors often prescribed a poultice of corn meal, covered with mustard and sprinkled with cayenne pepper, applied as hot as bearable.

The Indians inhabiting the area of the trek also fell victims to cholera. They had the unfortunate habit of digging up the graves of emigrants who had died of the disease in order to obtain their clothing and whatever equipment was buried with them. Of course, they caught the cholera.

Panic was also a regular passenger on the wagon trains after cholera had struck with horrifying rapidity. One member of a company told how, after many demoralizing losses, they "buried Walker an hour after he died, his thumb still twitching but pronounced dead by physician." The idea was to get away as far and as fast as possible, not knowing that death rode right along with them.

As if they hadn't enough troubles with cholera, the emigrants were subjected to what they called "mountain fever." Today we know it was probably Rocky Mountain spotted fever and Colorado tick fever. The spotted fever is caused by microorganisms transmitted by ticks. Symptoms are high fever, aching bones and muscles, painful headaches and sometimes mental disturbance. Colorado fever is a debilitating virus disease. Right along with them, to make their journey more enjoyable, was scurvy. Scurvy is caused by a diet deficiency, and of all the sicknesses endured by those going West, this one was the most preventable. Newspapers of the day contained warnings by others who had previously experienced the trek as to just what food to take. It seems a shame they weren't heeded, for the results of scurvy are not pleasant: the first symptom (after long abstinence from fresh fruit and vegetables) is fatigue; then ugly skin sores; then skin hemorrhages. Then, later, the gums swelled, teeth loosened and fell out, and the legs became black and swollen. At this point, if something wasn't done about fresh fruit and vegetables, the patient died. And on the trail, in the middle of the desert, that's what happened. It is all the more tragic in that growing on the desert was the prickly pear; it could have saved

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The first Dose will give Relief in Twenty Minutes.

Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be a

Wonderful Medicine!

For a

Weak Stomach,
Impaired Digestion,
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they act like magic, arousing with the **Rosebud of Health** *the whole physical energies of the human frame*, and are positively

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They quickly restore females to complete health, because they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

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them. But no one knew this, not even the doctors. They relied on opium, brandy, chloroform, calomel, Dover's powder, sulphur pills, camphor balls and poultices.

Cholera and scurvy did not leave even after the end of the trip. Those who went to the gold towns still continued their unfortunate diet: salt meat, saleratus bread, and dried beans. Most knew, as they did at the start of the trip, of the importance of fruit and vegetables. They neglected to stock up either through forgetfulness or laziness; but here in San Francisco and Sacramento, where there was fruit and vegetables, they didn't stock up because the price was prohibitive. Onions and pears were one dollar apiece.

In the mining camps boils were another common misery. One gold rusher left us an account of his boil. The middle finger of his hand became so puffed up and painful that he could not work. He went to the local doctor who stabbed it to the bone. It was extremely painful, he said, but it relieved him. Another gold rusher suffered from dysentery. The local doctor treated him by applying hot poultices of flapjack on his stomach. He said it cured him.

Other men afflicted with scurvy, either too poor or distrusting to go to a doctor, would try to cure themselves by burying themselves up to the neck in the ground. Friends with rifles would patrol during the night to protect them from predators.

The emigrants carried with them to California the unfortunate unsanitary habits of the day, and they paid for it. In San Francisco, for instance, pestilential fevers raged unabated. The death toll was twenty a day, which would have wiped out the settlement except for the fact that new citizens were pouring in every day. During the peak period of mortality, the dead were not even properly buried. Bodies were laid out on the beach, there to be eventually washed away or covered with sand. Skeletons were a common sight on the shore.

Just as there are unprincipled charlatans today who prey on the sick and unwary, there was a variety of quacks whom the regular doctors, to their credit, fought tooth and nail, but to little avail, there being no official standards or examining boards. Some fakers purchased valid diplomas from widows of authentic doctors and then went into practice with disastrous results to their naive patients. Others patronized diploma mills who would furnish official-looking certificates for a price. It is ironic that good and (according to the times) capable doctors could not produce a diploma, having learned

(continued on page 53)

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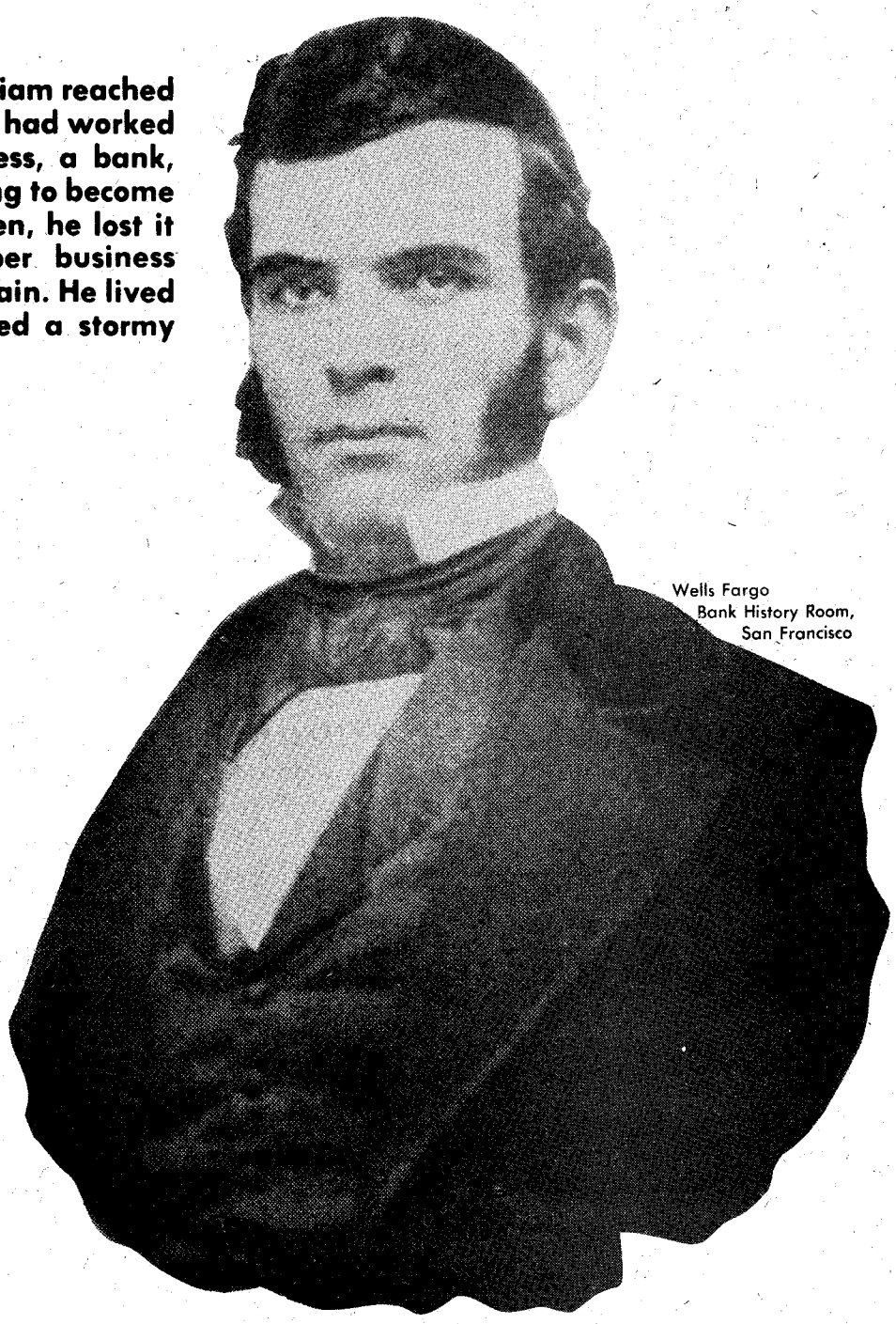
JAMES KING OF WILLIAM

By Louise Cheney

When James King of William reached San Francisco in 1848, he had worked in the newspaper business, a bank, and it didn't take him long to become a millionaire banker. Then, he lost it and tried the newspaper business where he became rich again. He lived a productive life and died a stormy death.



Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

James King of William as a young man. James King was born in Georgetown, D. C. in 1822. There were several other young men by the name of James King and often his letters went astray, so he adopted the first name of his father as a trailer.

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James King of William was a remarkable name. James King of William was a remarkable man — honest, dedicated, incorruptible, fabulous, fearless. He was a great crusading editor in old San Francisco in the middle 1850's. This is the story of his life and death. The latter was a cold blooded murder and triggered the revival of the dread Vigilante Committee of 1851. It caused the redemption of a city and brought about the hanging of two men.

James King was born in Georgetown, D.C. in 1822. His parentage was Scotch — Irish, and he received a fair education. He studied Latin and read all the good books of his day. There were several other young men by the name of James King and often his letters went astray so he adopted the first name of his father as a trailer and called himself James King of William.

When he was fifteen he spent a year in Pittsburgh. He then went to Berrien County, Michigan. He could not stand the rigors of the country. In 1839 he became ill and returned to Pittsburgh. There he became a post office clerk but soon left to become a reporter on the campaign paper, *Kendalls Espositor*. It was in the field of journalism that he was to become famous. After six months he became associated with the *Washington Globe*. In 1842 he entered the banking business and became a bookkeeper. There he remained until his departure for the West.

In 1848 he decided to join his brother in Oregon. He went via Panama. There he was delayed catching a boat and finally decided to go to Valparaiso and there catch a boat to Oregon. He heard of the California gold rush while in South America. He hired nine Chileans to go with him to California and hunt for gold. Then he began the slow journey to the El Dorado of the Pacific.

It was November of 1848 when James King and his companions reached San Francisco. The full fury of the gold rush had not as yet gripped the city, and King found it to be a small, shabby place. There six of his Chileans decided to go on their own and hunt for gold. He had three left, and with them King hurried to the mountains. They stopped at Placerville which was then known as Hangtown. He led a crude life in the rough town, and it is presumed that he learned to dislike drinking, gambling, brawling and drunken merriment.

Soon King and his Chileans discovered enough gold to pay for the goods and the expenses incurred by the group. He left the mining district and headed for Sacramento. He soon returned east to raise enough money to establish a bank in San Francisco. He succeeded, and for several years was one of the most successful bankers in California.

He was able to withstand the panic of 1850 and send for his family, a wife and four children. By 1853 he was worth a million dollars. His future looked good, but soon he was to meet trouble. Before the trouble James King had been a member of the Vigilante Committee. He was also a member of the jury in the trial of several citizens of San Francisco, one which was Hamilton Bowie, a city official. The members of the jury were threatened with death and that a certain newspaper would be down on them.

James King of William was not afraid of the threats and did what he considered his duty. The defendants in the case resorted to him personally and offered him immunity if he would sign a paper expressing his belief that Mr. Bowie was innocent of the charges against him. King refused. He was warned by his friends to arm himself, but he showed no fear. It was then that the entire city recognized James King as a man of honor.

It was at that time that James King suffered a financial upset. One of his men at Sonora misused a large sum of money sent to him by the King interest for the purchase of

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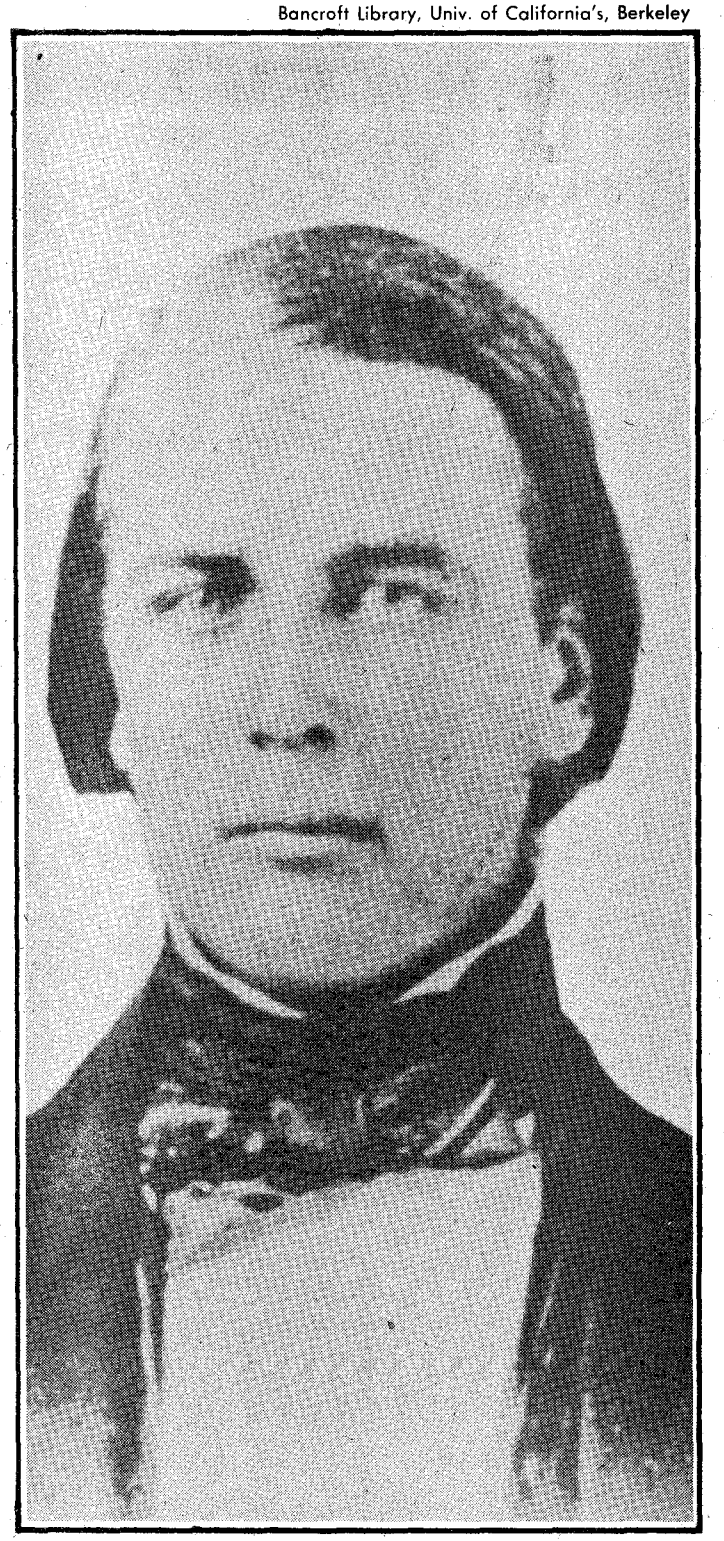

William T. Coleman, head of the vigilantes of San Francisco.

gold dust. James King feared that he could not return the money of his depositors. Although assured by his friends that his bank was strong, he set about selling his assets to make up for the loss of the money by his agent. Finally the matter was settled by an offer of a Mr. Woods of Adams & Co. This meant that King was to lose everything.

Many of his friends offered help which he refused. He also refused to take bankruptcy. But had he done this he could have saved his home. But through his honesty he lost all.

After he closed his bank, King was offered a position with Adams & Co. His salary was a thousand dollars a month. But the company was not sound, and in 1855 it failed.

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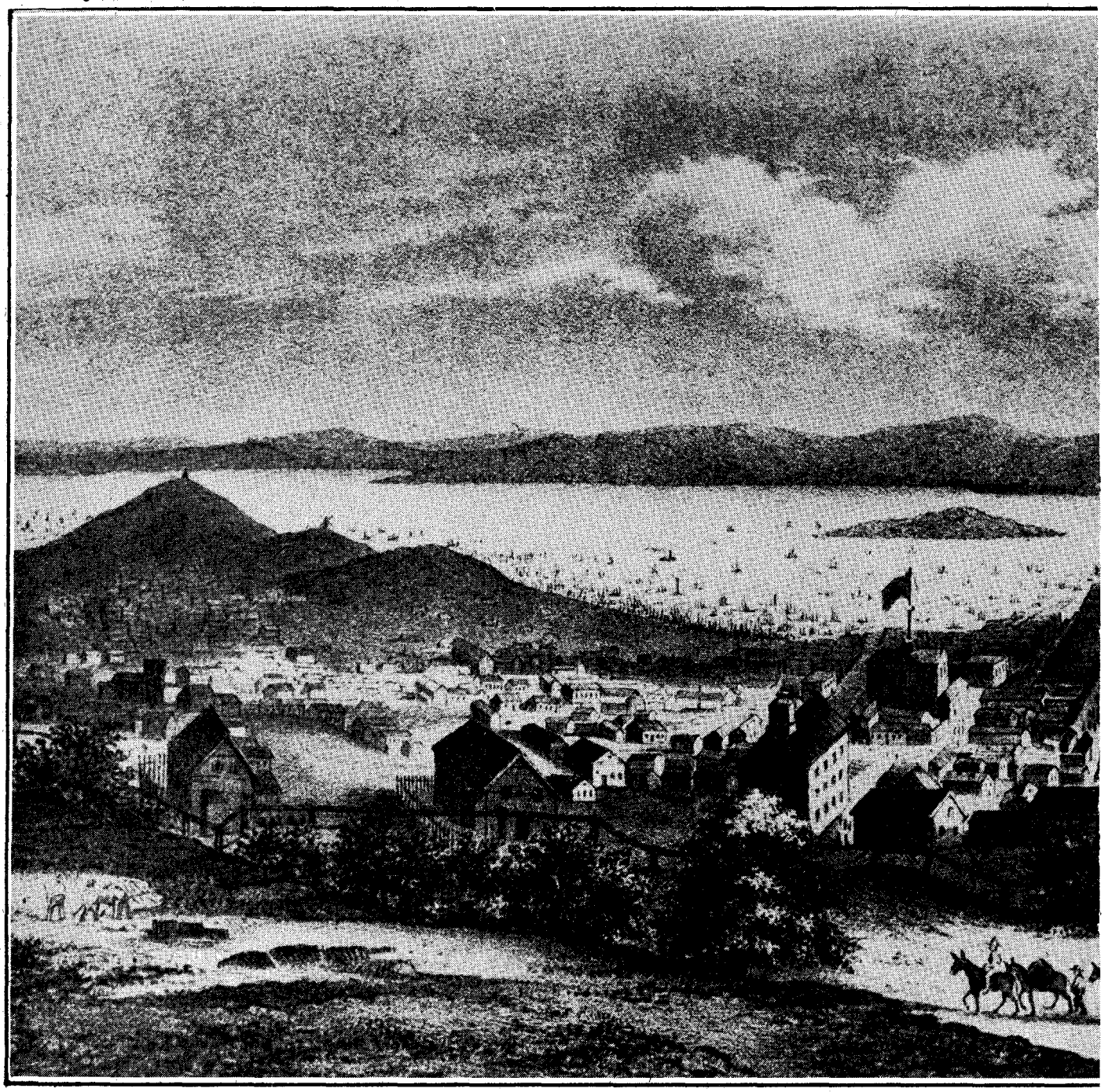
Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco



San Francisco in the early 1850's.

Following the failure of Adams & Company, King was without a job. He sought to establish a new bank of his own with Henry Reed, a former employee of Adams & Company, but the merger failed after lasting four months.

James King's next venture was as editor of the *Bulletin,* a newspaper in San Francisco. But before he became famous as the great crusading editor of the paper, he was to be involved in two more episodes which were to prove his character.

King published a letter in the San Francisco papers, defending himself against charges of complicity in the failure of Adams and Company. A man by the name of Cohen was angered by the announcement, and when he met King on Montgomery Street they fought. Both were hit several times but neither was injured. Then Cohen challenged King to a duel. Duels were quite commonplace in that day, but King did not believe in duels and he did not wish to leave his family destitute, so he published a reply in a newspaper, refusing the challenge.

No paper condemned him and many endorsed his stand. Letters of sympathy poured in to King, and many came to express their admiration of him for his stand in the affair.

King's refusal affected many in the city. His stand served as a powerful deterrent to dueling, and eventually California passed laws against dueling.

On October 8, 1855 there appeared a new paper in San Francisco, the *Bulletin.* It was a little paper. Its publisher was C. O. Gerberding and its editor, James King of William. The publisher agreed that King should have full editorial power. This fact was to eventually make the paper famous, for King launched his guns at city corruption of every kind in San Francisco.

Many opponents criticized James King. To them he printed a notice in

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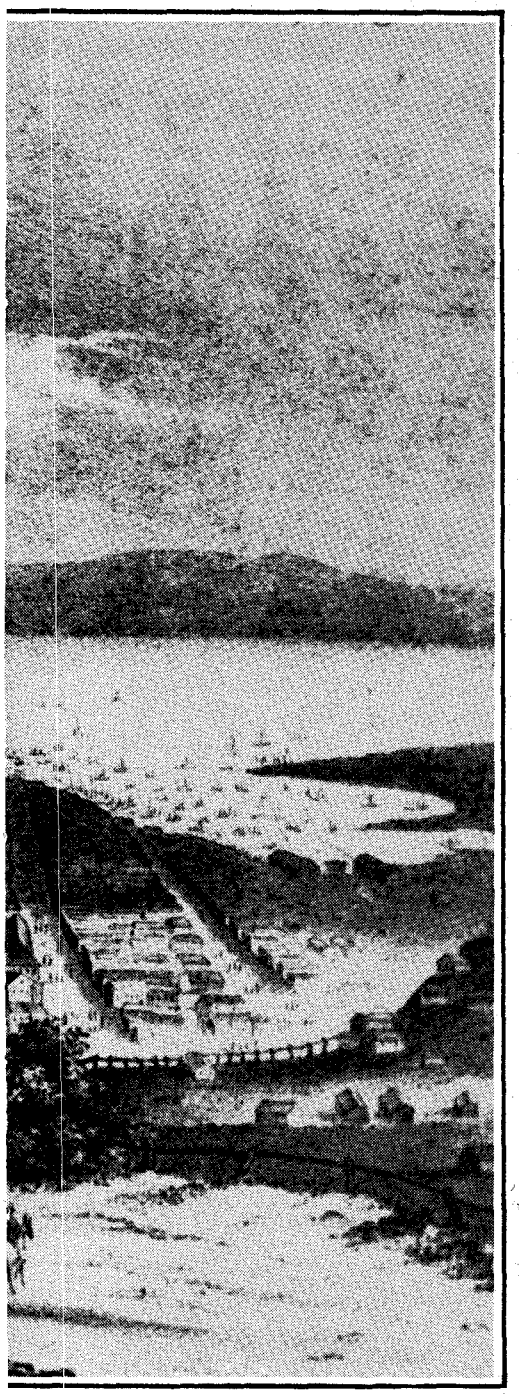

the *Bulletin*: "Well, gentlemen, some of you we thank and some we don't. We will endeavor to conduct our columns so as to give no good grounds for complaint. It has been whispered to us that some parties are about pitching in to us. We hope they think better of it. We make it a rule to keep out of a scrape as long as possible; but if forced into one we are there. Entiende?"

It was soon after this that King launched his crusade against Palmer Cook & Co., a political banking house. This crusade was to last as long as he lived, which was not very long.

After a tirade against Palmer Cook & Co., King did a peculiar thing. On the previous day he had printed that Palmer Cook & Co. were bondsmen for one Thomas J. Henley. The statement was erroneous. King printed an apology and wrote that his words were a misstatement, something few editors of that day would have done.

But he did not relax his attack on the company. In fact, he made a sterner attack. This caused much concern with the parties involved. King was visited by Edward Jones of Palmer Cook & Company. Mr. Jones informed King that his company had effectively silenced all journals who had opposed his company. King paid no heed and kept up his assault.

The *Bulletin* was not quite a week old when King's guns were launched at every corner of the city, at the politicians, graft, vice.

It has been said that King's enemies even hired private detectives to dig up something on him, but even though the investigators searched high and low, they could find nothing detrimental to his character.

He then began a campaign against gambling and prostitution which were commonplace in San Francisco. He called for a "fearless and independent press." He called names of the guilty. He kept on and his paper grew and sold nearly 3,500 more issues than any other in the city. He also swore that were he to resign his position as editor of the *Bulletin*, he would be ashamed to walk the streets as the people would say that he had been bought off. He was determined to sweep the city clean of vice and sin. He charged City Marshal North with neglect to his duties. His articles forced the city council to action. They found that King's charges were true, and reorganized the police force.

King kept pounding at Palmer Cook and Co. Eventually he drove the concern to ruin.

It was in November of 1855 that a notorious gambler by the name of Charles Cora killed United States Marshal Richardson. The cause was trivial as the trouble between the two started when Richardson's wife and Cora's mistress, a madam who called herself Belle Cora, had words in a theater the night before. Cora and Richardson patched up their differences and were seen emerging from a saloon. Suddenly Cora drew a pistol and killed Richardson.

A crowd gathered and when the people realized that Cora had killed Richardson, a cry of "hang him, hang him" went up. And urging the crowd to violence was Sam Brannan, a former Vigilante. He was arrested for attempting to incite a riot. Cora surrendered and was jailed.

Cora's gambler friends stood by him and his mistress. Belle hired the best lawyers to defend him. When his trial was held, the jury deliberated for 41 hours and disagreed, so Cora was taken back to jail to await a new trial. When King heard the result of the trial he wrote, "Hung be the heavens with black! The money of the gambler and the prostitute has succeeded and Cora has another respite. Oh how you have triumphed! Triumphed over everything that is holy and virtuous and triumphed legally — yes legally."

King wrote like a man inspired, and truly he was. He had dedicated himself to cleaning up San Francisco. He railed against the jailor who held Cora and begged that he be hanged.

King's life was in danger and well he knew it, but he did not let up in his crusade.

So it was no great surprise to the city when James Casey shot James King of William. Casey was elected supervisor from a district where he was not a resident. It was stated in some corners that he had acquired a fortune from crooked manipulations, and it was certain that he had started a newspaper, the *Sunday Times*. He was quite a character, this James B. Casey. King cut loose on Casey, hurling accusations at him and stating that Casey was a former inmate of Sing Sing prison in New York. Casey was furious. He was further goaded by a Ned McGowan, a judge who disliked King.

It was around three o'clock when King's article about Casey appeared, and it was four o'clock when Casey stormed into the office of the editor. He berated King furiously. King told him he would print what he pleased and showed Casey the door, ordering him out. Casey departed, warning King that he would defend himself.

At five that afternoon King started for home. As he walked down the street, he saw Casey who yelled, "Arm yourself." King then heard him cry, "Come on," and Casey, some distance away, aimed a pistol at him. His bullet hit King in the chest. King slumped to the ground crying, "My God, I am shot." He then was helped to the Pacific Express office where he fell into a chair. He was taken to the Montgomery Building where he was given a bed, and several doctors called. His wound bled profusely. For a time it seemed that he would recover, even though his wound was critical.

Casey was taken to jail. When

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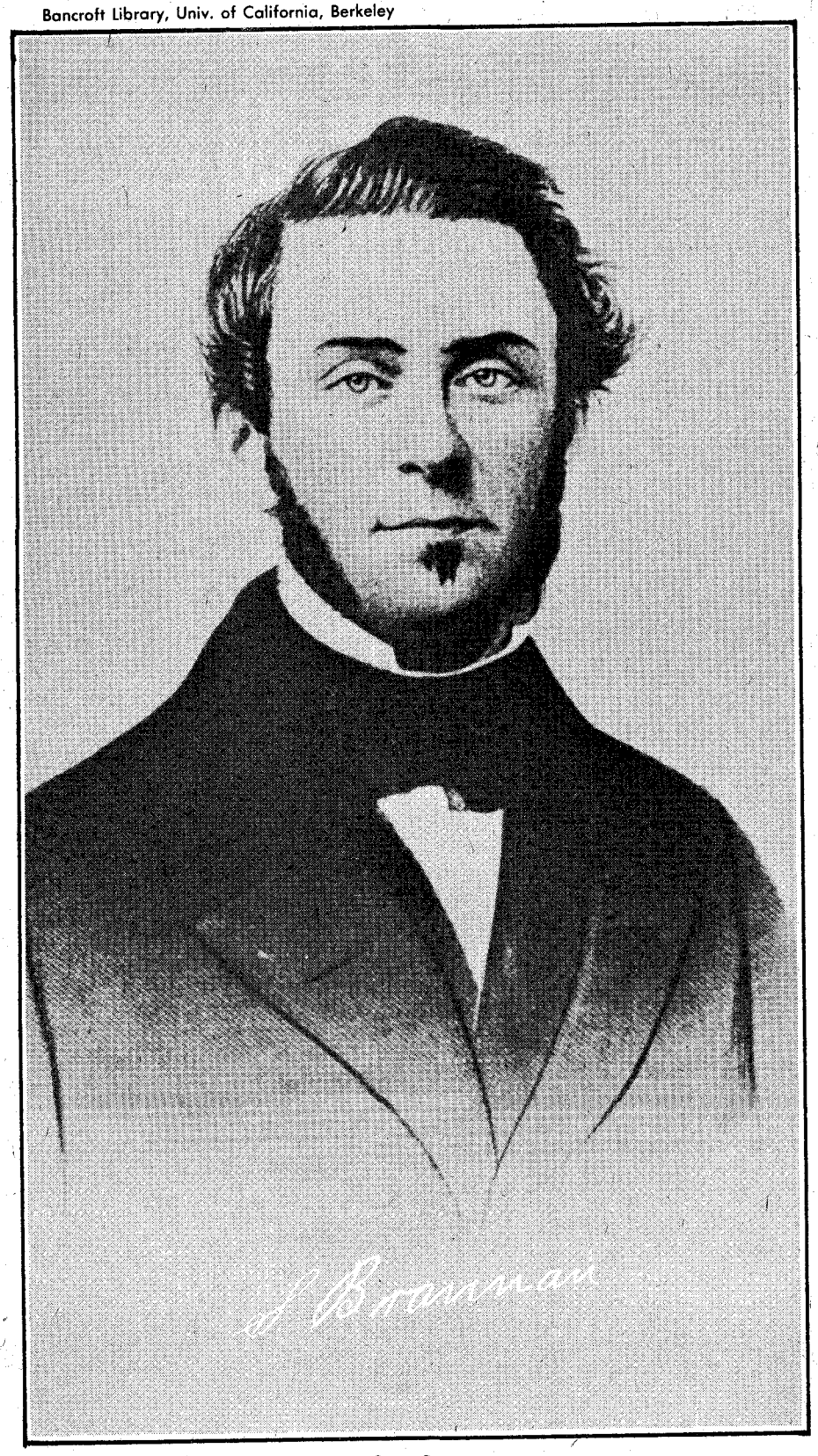

Sam Brannan

Cora saw him he cried, "You have put a rope about both our necks."

A great crowd had gathered and there were cries of, "Hang him. Hang him. Run him up a lamp post." The bells of the Monumental and California Fire Companies tolled. In the past they had tolled to call the Vigilantes together, but now they were for routine fires.

It was on a Wednesday that King was shot. On Thursday the Vigilantes reconvened. William T. Coleman was elected to head the force. They collected arms and marched. They selected as their headquarters a building in the city called Fort Vigilance. Later it was called Fort Gunnybags because it was fortified with hundreds of gunny sacks.

On the Sunday following the Wednesday on which King had been shot, 2600 members of the Vigilantes marched to the jail in which Casey and Cora were held. They demanded Casey. The sheriff had only 30 men, and since the Vigilantes were armed and had a six-pounder, he surrendered Casey who was led to a carriage and driven away.

Promptly at three that same afternoon, the Vigilantes surrounded the jail again. They demanded Cora. The sheriff could do nothing but comply since the six-pounder was leveled at the door. Cora was given time to make his will and then was also driven away.

The two prisoners were each locked in a cell at Fort Vigilance.

Cora was placed on trial by the Vigilantes on May 20. Some of the prosecution witnesses were called; among them was Maria Knight who had seen both killings. In the middle of the trial the grand marshal informed the court that James King of William had died of his wound. Cora was again locked in his cell and was convicted by the Committee.

Next, Casey was tried on that same afternoon and he was also convicted. The sentence for both men was execution by hanging, scheduled for May 22.

Belle learned of the verdict for Cora and hurried to Fort Vigilance. She was allowed to remain with her lover, and on the day of the executions she and Cora were married by a priest.

A little after noon two platforms were pushed out about three feet from two of the upper windows of Fort Vigilance. Heavy ropes from the roof of the building were fastened to hold them in place. The arrangement was so that when the ropes were pulled, the platforms would fall into space. Two ropes with hangman's nooses were attached to beams on the roof.

At four o'clock the two prisoners were blindfolded, their arms tied, and led to the platforms. As the great funeral procession of James King of William wound its way through the city, the two men, Casey and Cora, plunged to eternity. They died instantly.

And so James King of William was avenged. His death lent impetus to the reforms he had started, and the redemption of a city was begun.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Villains and Vigilantes
The California State Library

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

MYSTERIES AND CEREMONIES

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

The American Indian had many types of mysteries and ceremonies, and in many of these they would wear masks. There were various types of masks made from skin, wood, and some were woven or carved.

The Iroquois Indians, a woodland tribe, had two types of masks; those carved of wood and the other woven of cornhusks. The wooden ones were called "false-face masks and represented evil spirits or demons without arms, legs or bodies; only their hideous faces were carved. These masks showed a combination of skill mingled with a sense of horror and evil, as well as humor. The Iroquois often would start to carve a mask on a living tree, the idea being that as the tree grew, so would the mask. When the tree was cut down they would complete the mask, and the Iroquois believed that the mask had absorbed the life of the tree and was therefore a living thing. When they had completed carving the mask it was usually painted red or black, depending upon the face that had been carved. Long strands of hair were added, and holes were drilled into the mask in which leather thongs were inserted so the mask could be held on the head.

The simplest form of mask was one from the head of a deer, elk, or buffalo. Those realistic masks did not stand for the actual animal but for the supernatural power they might have.

Many tribes living on the Northwest coast made double-faced masks. This was done by having the muzzle of an animal fitted over and concealing the face; an outer mask was held in place by pegs so arranged that the outside mask could be removed at a given time in the ceremony. This was to symbolize the tranformation of the animal. Some tribes allowed women to wear masks, but these were usually puppet-like and worn on the finger of one hand.

Some masks were made with a face within a face, and a string would pull open the first face and another of a different expression would be revealed. Others were constructed so that a tongue would be stuck out and pulled back, eyes would blink as the mouth opened and shut. There were masks which had hinged parts and would enable the wearer to change expression during the ceremony.

The Hopi, a desert tribe, made masks of leather, cloth, basketry and, at times, pottery. They were decorated with wood, bark, hair, woven fabrics and feathers. The Hopi did not always wear their masks, but in some ceremonies would carry them about on poles. Some masks were spoken of as Kachinas, and the Pueblo tribes believed they represented the spirits of the mythical beings they portray, or the spirit of a departed ancestor. Some of the masks were helmet type, others covered the face with big ornaments projecting above the face section. The masks were painted a rainbow of colors, and it was believed the wearer would absorb the nature of the mask and his personality become emerged into the character represented in the mask. The original Kachinas were believed to have been brought into Pueblo country by the early Spanish when they invaded this land from Mexico.

Among the Hopi were groups of people called clowns or delight makers and called "Mudheads" by the white man. They wore masks of pinkish brown cloth with puckered eyes and mouth covering the head completely. Feathers hung from the ears and a black scarf was worn around the neck. The clowns wore tattered clothing and would run in and out of the other dancers, doing anything to amuse the tribe.

Some tribes made masks for little children. While there were toys, they also taught the importance of the ceremonies.

In some of the ceremonies the whole tribe took part, while other ceremonies were for only special people in the tribe and were at times held in secret. While many of the ceremonies were performed annually or bi-annually and at only certain periods of the year, they were held for very special reasons — to insure good crops, success in war, good hunting and protection for the tribe — and lasted from several days to a day. Others were held for no special reason, but in all ceremonies, magic and mystery seemed to play an important part.

The American Indian believed in one Great Spirit or God, but they also believed that this one supreme being had many spirit helpers which could take the form of demons, witches or ghosts. Ghosts were, to some extent, believed to be the souls of members of the tribe who had died; They had to be honored with special ceremonies. To the Indian, all gods, demons, ghosts and even animal spirits had intelligence, emotions and freedom of will and expression much as man. If a person feared these powers he could chant special songs, do certain dances or wear special charms or fetishes to banish these spells. If the fetish was the gift of a medicine man or Shaman, it was even more powerful.

Medicine men and, in some tribes, medicine women played important parts in ceremonies. They could contact the evil spirits and aid in helping the tribe. They believed

(continued on page 52)

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A very scholarly description of the Wyatt Earp - Clanton Gang factions both before and after the famed 'Shoot-Out At The O.K. Corral'. The photograph showing Earp and his friends with the 'outlaws' makes it highly doubtful that the Earp group and the Clantons were always on opposite sides of the law!

THE PHOTOGRAPH THAT DESTROYED A LEGEND

By George Hart

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Unauthorized, mutilated and poorly retouched versions of this historically significant photograph have appeared in certain publications. Any copies that have been published WITHOUT the express permission of George Hart have NOT been made from the original.

Despite the fusillade of vituperative charges leveled at the legend of Wyatt Earp by debunkers over the last twenty years, the myth of the Gunfight at the OK Corral largely remains intact. While it is true that revisionists have chipped away at the base of the pedestal supporting the figurative Earp idol, no real damage has been done to the mythic image left us by the legend makers — most notably, Stuart Lake in his 1931 book, *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal.* That is, until the recent discovery of the group photo which serves as the focal point of this article. It was left up to a single photograph, taken by one of that hardy breed known as frontier photographers, to deflate the puffery indulged in by Lake.

At this point in time the identity of the "photographist" (a quaint and somewhat obsolete term often applied to photographers in the early days) who caught the Earps, the Clantons, Holliday, McLaury and Short as they must have appeared to the denizens of Tombstone, Arizona Territory in 1881, is unknown. Was the person who shows us Wyatt Earp et al. without the pomposity of more formally posed studio pictures the noted Camillus S. Fly of Tombstone? Because of the fact that most old-time photographers were often much more meticulous about the quality of their work than taking credit for it one can only speculate.

The origin of this photograph is as cloudy as the enigmatic lives led by some of the characters it represents. Perhaps serendipity is the only explanation for its rising to the surface of the murk and mire created by non-fiction novelists and debunkers. If its existence was known to either camp of partisan writers on Earp and the OK Corral battle, it is easy to see why they *both* would want to keep it a secret. Storytellers of the world-renowned gunfight that took place in the streets (technically speaking) of Tombstone on October 26, 1881. almost invariably are divided into two factions: pro-Earp-anti-Clanton and vice versa. It wouldn't do for Lake's frontier marshal to be found consorting with an outlaw bunch. On the other hand, Earp's detractors would be hard put to explain why those innocent ranchers — the Clantons — were so chummy with bullies who continually harassed them. Actually, the whole question is academic because it is highly unlikely that anyone conversant with and recounting those events — from the time, late 1920's or early 1930's, they were deemed worth relating on a grand scale — had any knowledge of the picture.

What of the men who make up the historic tableau? The original photograph is about the size of a *carte de visite* and thus it is tempting to muse on the possibility of it having been carried personally by one of the seven pictured. Naturally, they *all* knew about the photo, but after the Gunfight at the OK Corral two of them were dead, and it was not in the interests of the others to reveal such camaraderie. Short was not directly involved in happenings of October 26, 1881, but he is of inestimable value in approximating the date the photo was taken. Luke was in Tombstone for a relatively brief period. While there his gambling activities were momentarily interrupted when he took time out to shoot and kill one Charlie Storms. Using Luke Short as an indicator, it is likely he and the rest of the "boys" got together for their impromptu sitting sometime in, or shortly before, the spring of 1881.

The photograph can probably be viewed in better perspective if we go back to September, 1879, and work our way up to late October, 1881.

Wyatt Earp would have done well to savor the send-off given him by his Dodge City cohorts when he left that town in September, 1879. He would never again receive one quite like it. The *Ford County Globe* in its issue for September 9, under the headline of "A Day of Carnival," reported that on September 5:

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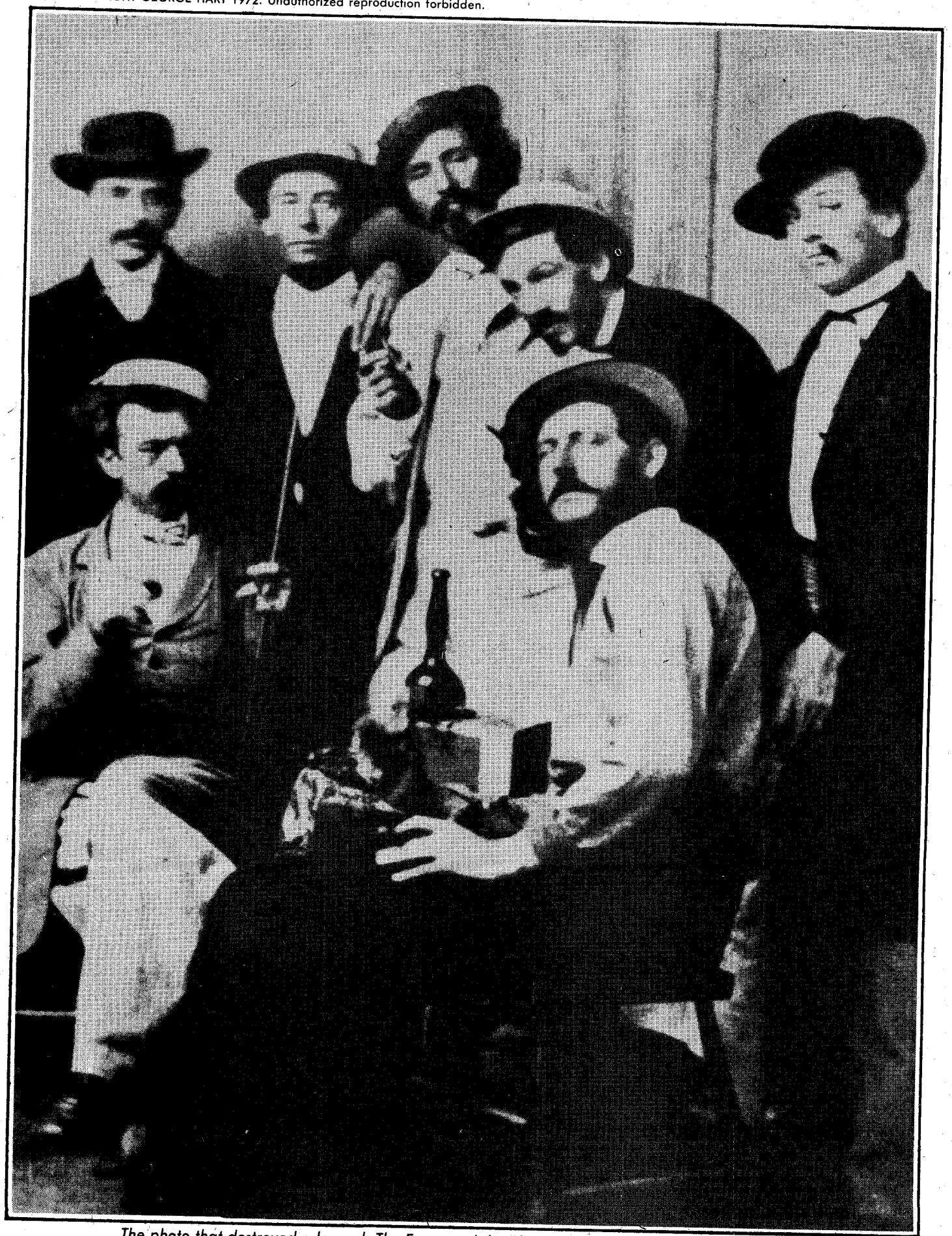

The photo that destroyed a legend. The Earps and the Clantons photographed together some time before the fight at the OK corral. Seated on the right is Luke Short. Seated on the left is Wyatt Earp. Standing are Doc Holliday, Tom McLaury, Ike Clanton, Morgan Earp and Billy Clanton.

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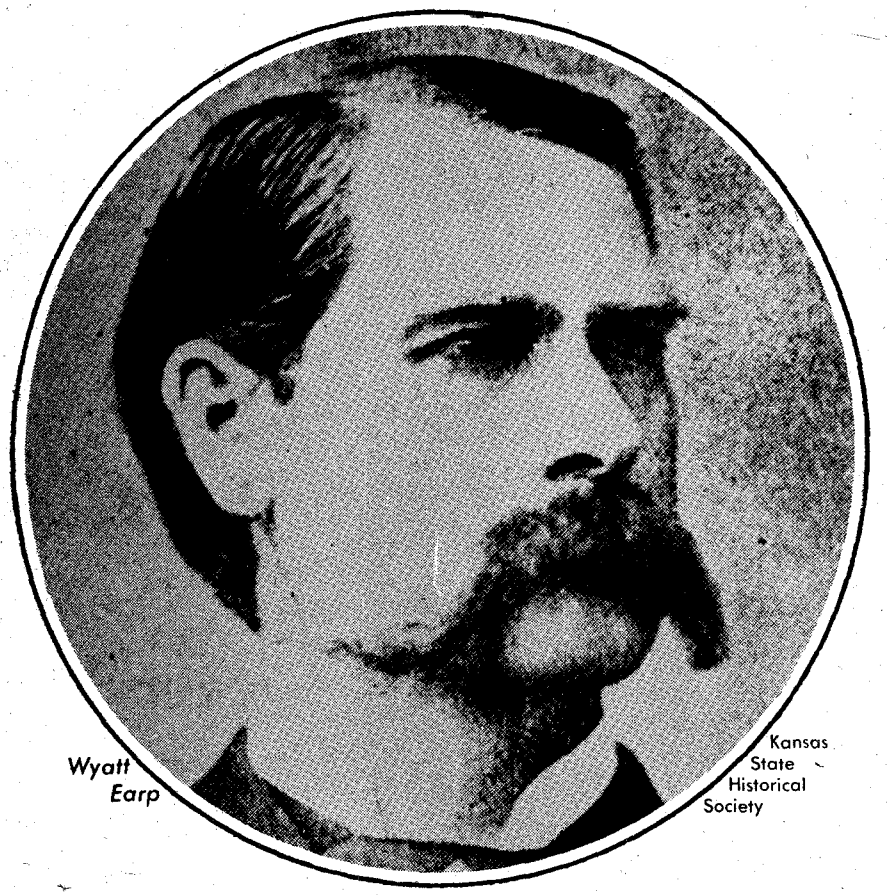

Wyatt Earp

Kansas State Historical Society

"It was casually observed several times by several old timers last Friday that Dodge City was redeeming herself. By this remark they intended to convey the idea that we were extricating ourselves from that stupid lethargy which had fallen upon us of late, and were giving vent to our uncurbed hilarity — 'getting to the booze joint,' as it were, in good shape, and 'making a ranikaboo play for ourselves.' We speak in the plural number because a large portion of our community were 'to the joint' and we cannot mention the pranks of each without overlooking some and causing them to feel slighted. The signal for the tournament to begin was given by a slender young man of handsome external appearance who regaled his friends with a pail of water. The water racket was kept up until it merged into the slop racket, then the potato and cucumber racket, and finally the rotten egg racket, with all its magnificent odors. This was continued until the faces, eyes, noses, mouths and shirt bosoms of several of the boys were comfortably filled with the juicy substance of the choicest rotten eggs, compelling them to retire from the field, which they did in a very warlike manner. As the evening shades began to appear the skirmishers were soon actively engaged, and at a little before the usual hour slugging commenced all along the line. One or two 'gun plays' were made, but by reason of a lack of execution, were not effective. We cannot indulge our readers with a lengthy description of the scenes of this glorious occasion. It is described by many eye witnesses as being equal to the famous 'Mystery of Gil-Gal,' where the inspired poet says:

'They piled the 'stiffs' outside the door,
I reckon there was a cord or more,
And that winter, as a rule,
The girls went alone to spelling-school.'

"Upon the sidewalks ran streams of the blood of brave men, and the dead and wounded wrestled with each other like butchered whales on harpooning day. The 'finest work' and neatest polishes were said to have been executed by Mr. Wyatt Earp, who has been our efficient assistant marshal for the past year.

"The finest specimen of a polished head and ornamented eyes was bestowed upon 'Crazy Horse.' It is said that his head presented the appearance of a clothes basket, and his eyes, like ripe apples, could have been knocked off with a stick. He was last seen walking up the railroad track, on his way to Las Vegas. It was not until towards morning that the smoke cleared away, the din of battle subsided and the bibulous city found a little repose. And such is life in the far, far west."

While the farewell party was "unofficial," it is clear that Earp and assorted cronies, including C. H. Thompson, were about to descend on Las Vegas, New Mexico Territory. Thompson incidentally, was the worthy mentioned in the *Globe* article. He was called "Crazy Horse" and no doubt had seen better days when he served as constable in Grant Township, Dickinson County, Kansas during 1868-69. His paramour was the noted frontier character, "Crazy Horse Lil."

Although Wyatt had managed over the years to leave skeletons hanging in closets in such places as Missouri, Indian Territory, Texas and even Wichita, Kansas, his reputation in Dodge City seems to have been rather good. To wit, the following accounts from area newspapers indicate this to be the case:

Dodge City *Times,* July 7, 1877.

"Wyatt Earp, who was on our city police force last summer, is in town again. We hope he will accept a position on the force once more. He had a quiet way of taking the most desperate characters into custody which invariably gave one the impression that the city was able to enforce her mandates and preserve her dignity. It wasn't considered policy to draw a gun on Wyatt unless you got the drop and meant to burn powder without any preliminary talk."

Times, May 11, 1878.

"Mr. Wyatt Earp, who has during the past served with credit on the police arrived in this city from Texas last Wednesday. We predict that his services as an officer will again be required this Summer."

Globe, May 14, 1878.

"Wyatt Earp, one of the most efficient officers Dodge ever had, has just returned from Fort Worth, Texas. He was immediately appointed Asst. Marshal, by our City dads, much to their credit."

Even his trouble-attracting sidekick, Doc Holliday, was on his best behavior in Dodge. Dutifully going about the business of practicing his profession of dentistry, Doc temporarily retired from his avocation as "shoot-em-up" artist. He did this to the extent of placing an ad in the *Times* for June 8, 1878:

DENTISTRY.

"J. H. Holliday, Dentist, very respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Dodge City and surrounding country during the summer. Office at room No. 24,

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Dodge House. Where satisfaction is not given money will be refunded."

If one were to take a cynical viewpoint, Earp and Holliday might be suspected of "lying low." Then again, they may not have wanted to embarrass the town and/or county officials, with whom they generally got along. Certainly the Earp "club" of Dodge was not the Earp "gang" of Tombstone.

Tombstone's *Nuggest,* in its first issue dated October 2, 1879, stated that:

"No mining camp on the Pacific Coast ever started to build with the great promise that Tombstone does today. Surrounded as we are on every side with an untold quantity of mineral wealth ... but a short time will elapse before we will become the Leadville of Arizona ...

"The rapid growth of our town at the present time, and the still more rapid strides which are only waiting for building material, will cause us to grow unspeakably until we can rank among the leading towns of this coast. Strangers are pressing in upon us in great numbers ..."

Only a few short months subsequent to the initial appearance of the *Nugget* a couple of wagons rolled into Tombstone carrying some more "strangers." Old-timers have claimed they detected a dull, ominous rumbling emanating from their conveyances, a sound that could bode no good for the mining town. By early 1880 most of the Earp clan had gathered in Tombstone, their unsullied Dodge City laurels now somewhat tarnished by activities in which they engaged while sojourning in New Mexico Territory. In Arizona Territory they were to be periodically immersed in a morass of feuding, political intrigue, questionable land deals, smuggling, stagecoach robbery and various other sordid conduct. Whether the Earps brought this with them or rode into it is a question that has yet to be resolved. Their participation in areas that skirted legality is undoubted, but no attempt will be made here to charge them with (or for that matter clear them of) being involved in the more obvious illegal acts mentioned. Only an extremely biased researcher could do so at this late date.

One thing is for sure, if Wyatt Earp were to profit from let us say a stagecoach holdup, he would not be standing by the roadside in the role of stick-up man. The closest he came to that was by knowing a chap named Doc Holliday, who cared less for how things appeared to the gentry than did Wyatt. Of course, Wyatt was a man with a future — Doc was dying of tuberculosis.

After securing dwellings for their wives and seeing to it that they had plenty of household chores to keep them busy, the Earp brothers set about sizing up Tombstone. Wyatt established himself by making a few investments in some of the town's mining properties, and lost no time in getting hired on by Agent Marshall Williams as shotgun guard for Wells, Fargo and Company. In October he left for a more lucrative position as deputy sheriff of Pima County. Morgan Earp sort of inherited his brother's job with Wells, Fargo. The Earps liked to keep things in the family. On June 6 of the next year Virgil Earp was appointed city marshall by Mayor John P. Clum. This turned out to be their first real foothold in the law-and-order program since, in the meantime, Wyatt had been dismissed as deputy sheriff and subsequently passed over as an applicant for sheriff of Cochise County (which had been formed out of part of Pima County) in favor of John H. Behan. Johnny Behan may have picked the political plum, but Wyatt Earp relieved him of his mistress, Josephine Sarah Marcus, known as Josie. This damsel was later to become the acknowledged Mrs. Wyatt Earp — a status Earp never conferred on Mattie, who could be called his "road wife."

Somewhat frustrated in his attempts to install himself as a law-and-order man, Wyatt returned to a business he really knew. He reverted to the position of "sporting man" and early in 1881 bought into the gambling concession at the Oriental saloon. Heartened to see that Wyatt had not forgotten his true calling, Doc Holliday, Morgan Earp, Bat Masterson and Luke Short swooped in for a piece of the action. Occasionally Wyatt would ride out as a posseman just to keep his hand in. It was wise to be visible in that line of work in case of an opening that offered better opportunities.

In light of the photographic discovery herein discussed, there can be no doubt that the Earp and Clanton groups were at least "drinking buddies." This type of relationship frequently led to disaster. A few drinks and the atmosphere of the poolroom often loosened tongues and generated bragging. Perhaps details — now lost to history — were debated, over cigars and whiskey on the very day of the photographic sitting, concerning events that took place on the night of March 15, 1881. On that date the Benson stage was stopped near Tombstone, and fired upon in what seemed to be an attempt at robbery. The result was the death

Kansas State Historical Society

Luke Short

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In June 1883, 17 months after the fight at the OK Corral in Tombstone, Wyatt Earp (seated, second from left) was back in the comparative safety of Dodge City, mingling with such cohorts as Luke Short and Bat Masterson (standing, second and third from left).

of Bud Philpot, the driver, and a passenger, Peter Roerig. Philpot and Bob Paul, the shotgun guard, had changed places on the box, supposedly so Philpot could warm his hands. It has been speculated that Philpot was the recipient of a death wound specifically intended for Paul. There exists no hard proof for this contention, but the job was so badly bungled (the outlaws missed out on $26,000) that one can't help wondering about their primary motivation. Curiously, at about the same time as the foregoing happenings, any friendly feelings that may have existed between the Earp and Clanton parties started to dissolve.

The reaction to the hold-up attempt and the resultant killings, among some quarters in Tombstone, was akin to comic opera. Rival posses abounded in the field. A man named Luther King was captured (he later escaped by walking out the back door of the jail!) and implicated Bill Leonard, Harry Head and Jim Crane. Leonard was a friend of Doc Holliday, which cast a shadow on the "deadly dentist." Others claimed to have seen Holliday riding hell-bent-for-leather towards Tombstone on the night of the attempted robbery and shootings. There were more charges and countercharges. Depending on whose story you choose to believe you can dip at random into the record books that hold the names of the Tombstone worthies and come up with a suspect. Doc's wife, Kate, got in on the act by signing an affidavit involving him. She later recanted. Somewhere along the line the woman was probably intimidated, but whether it was by Behan to get her to appear against Doc or by the Earps to reverse herself, who can say?

Incidentally (or perhaps not so incidentally), Leonard, Head and Crane all very conveniently managed to get themselves killed sometime later that year. Crane was killed by "Mexicans" — at times a catch-all term in those days similar to "killed by Indians."

In one way or another this all led to the much heard of Gunfight at the OK Corral (for professional nit-pickers it actually took place on Fremont Street). Up until the afternoon of October 26, 1881, the Earp and Clanton groups had each sought to pick fights with members of the opposing party by strutting and bullying. Evidently, neither could maneuver the other into a position somewhere out in the brush where "Indians" or "Mexicans" could solve their respective problems. Therefore,

(continued on page 60)

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JEMMY JONES Was A Pirate

By T.W. Paterson

That was the label his many, many creditors hung on Capt. James "Jemmy" Jones on the Pacific Coast back in the days of the Civil War but Jemmy was a seafaring man who always commanded his own ship and if his enemies seized it for debt, Jemmy just seized it right back!

He was a public nuisance, a drunkard and a scamp; some even said he was crazy. Others went so far as to openly brand him a pirate. But when he had finished, he had single-handedly defied and defeated the courts of three nations. When he died, hundreds of people, from British Columbia to South America, mourned the wild, exciting and outrageous Welshman known as "Jemmy" Jones.

This fabulous, forgotten character from the past, Capt. James Jones, was born in Whales in 1830. At 19 he joined the fabled '49ers in their mad rush to California's Eldorado, moving on to Puget Sound five years after. Buying the schooner *Emily Parker,* he began trading between Sound ports and Vancouver Island. This enterprise ended dramatically, two years later, when the *Emily Parker* burned to the waterline off Victoria.

Undaunted, little Jemmy built the 50-ton schooner *Wild Pigeon.* It was squally, that New Year's Eve of 1858, when he slipped his moorings in Victoria's Inner Harbor. Considering his later record, it seems probable that he had been celebrating the holiday. Whatever the case, the *Wild Pigeon* and her passengers, including three women, never left the harbor, the schooner capsizing in heavy seas. All were rescued, and when Jemmy had dried off, inside and out, he immediately put Port Townsend shipwright Franklin Sherman to work building yet another schooner, the *Carolena.*

Within three months, the schooner *Leonede* brought word that it had passed the *Carolena* on her beam ends in Hale's Passage. Luckily, Jemmy was able to right her.

Repaired, *Carolena* proved to be a "fine, fast sailing vessel, and made the trip in May, 1859, from Victoria to Port Townsend, Steilacoom, Nisqually and Tumwater, Olympia, and back to Victoria in four days. She also made a record trip between Victoria and Nanaimo, when carrying coals, which for a sailing vessel has never been beaten — 28 hours."

A month later, Jemmy was a hero. While en route from Port Townsend to Victoria, he met a war party of 90 Indians in canoes, on their way to murder the Smith Island lightkeeper to avenge the arrest of some braves by a U. S. revenue cutter. Jemmy immediately sailed to the scene, evacuating lightkeeper Vail and his wife but leaving one man to operate the light. Returning to Townsend, he raised an army of 14 volunteers to lift the siege. Back at the island, Jemmy found the Indians ready to fight, so he made his landing on the other side. The remaining attendant was rescued and the light secured without further incident.

Alas, Jemmy's curse remained. Caught off the entrance to Esquimalt Harbor in a gale, *Carolena* was driven ashore. When the schooner filled in the boiling surf, Jemmy and his five Indian seamen had to swim ashore. With the help of Royal Navy Seamen, Jemmy soon had his command raised and repaired.

Two months later, he was ashore off Nanaimo, again without serious injury.

Back in business once more, it was not long before misfortune again dogged his heels. Either that or, as is more likely, his navigation still left something to be desired. At least he had been celebrating, as Carolina (sic) Reef and Jemmy Jones Island in Baynes Channel, off Cadboro Bay, commemorate yet another misadventure at the helm.

This time Jemmy had had enough. When *Carolena* was repaired, he sold her for $1,500 to the famous Metlakatla missionary, William Duncan, in whose service she continued for several years.

Never one to be discouraged for long, Jemmy set about finding a new command. This must have taken some doing as, by now, his reputation for disaster was known throughout the Pacific Northwest. However, he managed to talk shipwright Sherman into underwriting one-half the costs of building the schooner *Jenny Jones.* Once again, all looked rosy and Jemmy soon had the craft trading between Portland, Puget Sound and Vancouver Island.

But even when completely innocent, Jemmy was ever in trouble — before the *Jenny* was completed, she had become an international incident!

The Civil War Was raging, Confederate raiders were destroying Yankee shipping around the world. So when Jemmy set about rigging his new ship, the warship USS *Narragansett* steamed all the way from San Francisco to investigate rumors that he was outfitting her as a privateer. The Victoria *Colonist* defended Jemmy with a chuckle, saying that "certainly neither Jemmy nor 'Jenny' have a piratical look."

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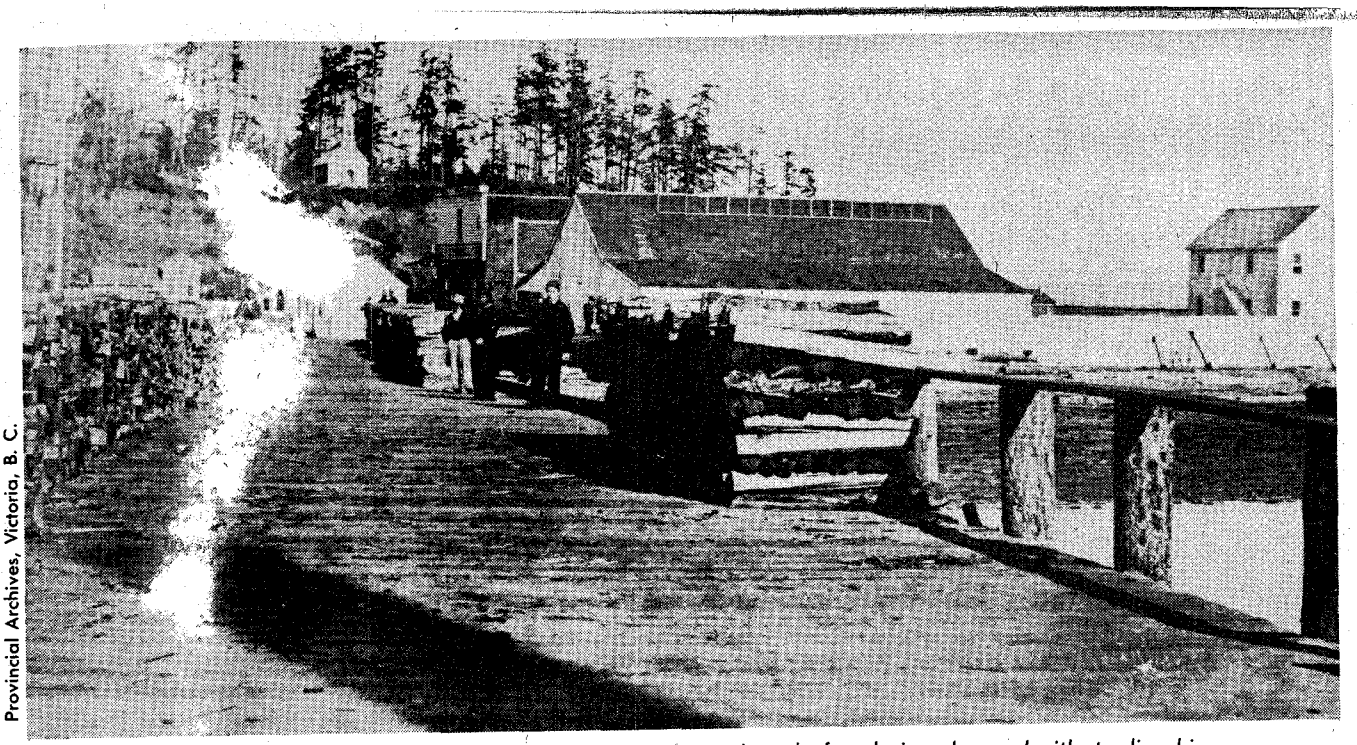

Provincial Archives, Victoria, B. C.

Port Townsend. Jemmy Jones raised a relief expedition here before being charged with stealing his own ship.

The editors were to change their minds soon enough!

Business went well in the following months, and Jemmy had his ship converted to steam. The same year, he bought out his partner. There was one minor complication when he was charged with not stowing a cargo of ale and porter in accordance with U.S. regulations. However, although the outcome of his appearance before the bench is not recorded, it could not have been too serious, as he continued in business.

In fact, Jemmy was soon carrying some very important freight, in the form of Washington Territory Governor Pickering and his party, on a tour of Cape Flattery Indian settlements.

But if the wild and woolly Welshman's navigation had improved, his memory for business matters had not. For it seems that Jemmy suffered from amnesia when it came to recalling his bills and creditors, a minor failing which was to prove as hazardous as shipwreck and to ultimately make history.

Jemmy's most famous adventure, "remarkable for the reckless daring with which it was carried out," began early in 1865. He had been going his own indebted way as usual, blissfully ignoring his many creditors. But that fateful February, three Victoria businessmen, unhappy with his performance, had the court register him as a guest in the home for insolvent, known as debtor's prison.

The following day, *Jenny Jones* was making headlines — a "daring outrage," the Victoria *Chronicle* termed the exciting events of Feb. 10.

"Early yesterday morning a gang of 30 or 40 men, some of whom were armed with pistols and knives, suddenly boarded the *Jenny Jones,* then lying at the Hudson Bay Company's wharf, overpowered two sheriff's officers and three assistants, who had charge of the vessel, drove them into the forecastle, and battened down the hatches.

"One of the keepers, who showed some resistance, was cowed into submission by a villain who thrust a pistol into his face and threatened to 'blow his d—d brains.' The scoundrel then cast off the lines, and having procured several boats, towed the steamer outside the harbor, where they liberated the imprisoned parties, and sent them ashore in a boat. The vessel is supposed to have been taken to Port Angeles. She was in the hands of the sheriff.

"The captain and owner was arrested early on the evening previous for debt and committed to prison, and a portion of the machinery was carried away and deposited at the Police Barracks to prevent any parties going away with the vessel. The villains, after they had obtained possession of the steamer, got up steam, but the engines could not be made to work. The act is clearly one of piracy, or at least barratry."

The daring outrage became disaster for Jemmy when the pirates sailed their prize to Port Angeles. When they could produce neither register nor manifest, the *Jenny Jones* was seized by customs.

A week later, Jemmy decided that he had no choice but to salvage the situation personally, only to be discovered hiding in a shed in the courtyard one evening when the guard made his final rounds. "Observing the 'shape' in the bed, (he) supposed that all was right, and was passing on, when the thought struck him that it was rather a singular thing for a man to go to bed with his hat on. He therefore paused and raised the hat, when he discovered it to contain a 'bit' loaf of bread! Search was made, the hiding place of the debtor discovered, and he was returning to his uncomfortable quarters."

Three days later, Jemmy was "gone from our gaze." The prison gate had been raised while the courtyard was cleaned. "Now," laughed Jemmy from Port Angeles, "is my time, and the only obstacles were the two policemen on guard, one armed with a double-barrelled shotgun, and the other with a revolver. I made a spring and passed the first man without being touched, the second made a grab at me, but I knocked him aside and ran past the Boomerang Inn and made the best of my way up Yates Street, several policemen following, and I think Tam O'Shanter and his grey mare 'Meg' were not more anxious to escape from the witches, than Jemmy Jones and his legs were to outstrip the policemen."

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And outstrip them he did, hiding around a corner until the danger had passed.

"Suffice it to say," he continued, "I was resolved to cross over to Puget Sound, but how to go abroad without being observed and captured puzzled me for a short time. I disguised myself in female attire and afterwards inspected myself in the glass and was perfectly satisfied with my personal appearance. I also tried the 'ahem!' lest I should be spoken to. I thought in this character I could deceive anyone.

"Now, how I proceeded to the water, and in what company, and what little incidents occurred, I would rather not now relate for the sake of my friends in Victoria. I am no Jack Sheppard, for I escaped in broad daylight, by the aid of my own legs. I am Jemmy Jones, who will now make an effort to pay my debts, and I ask for the confidence of my creditors in Victoria!"

In the meantime, his ship had been removed to Port Townsend, then to Olympia, and placed under the care of a U. S. marshal. Then, adding insult to injury, Jemmy sneaked back into Victoria for a brief visit with his family, during which he took time to buy a new suit! "Verily," said the *Colonist*, "Jemmy is too many for the myrmidons of the law in this quarter of the globe."

Hastening to Olympia, Jemmy found his ship and crew preparing to sail in command of the marshal, William Huntington, to Seattle, where the steamer was to be auctioned. The crafty captain boarded as a passenger, traveling with the ship to Steilacoom, where Marshal Huntington, unhappy with his accommodations, went ashore for the night, leaving his deputy in charge. And leaving his unsuspected passenger to a night of little sleep, as he feverishly devised and rejected plan after plan to regain his ship.

Jemmy needn't have worried, for morning brought a small miracle from heaven. Although deaf as the proverbial post when it came to hearing his creditors' pleas and threats, Jemmy could surely hear the golden knock of opportunity. The miracle was the deputy's going ashore to awaken Huntington at his hotel — meaning that our delighted hero and his mate, Grainger, were again in command.

"With the U. S. officers of justice against him on one side of the boundary line and those of British Columbia on the other, with fuel only sufficient for a 40-mile run, a solitary sack of flour, a few pounds of sugar and a pound or two of tea (and no money), he cast off the lines and steamed away," wrote Capt. John T. Walbran in *British Columbia Coast Names.*

The fuel barely got the *Jenny Jones* to Port Ludlow, just an hour ahead of the pursuing *Eliza Anderson,* where she loaded enough wood for Nanaimo. Reaching that port, Jemmy attempted to fill his bunkers and larder. But although merchants had not heard of his adventure, they had long before heard of his reputation. Their adamant reply was, no money, no goods.

Finally, a sympathetic public raised a small subscription, and with the few supplies this bought, he sailed to Newcastle Island. There he engaged some Indians to load 12 tons of coal dust from an abandoned dump. This accomplished, after telling one and all that he was China-bound, the wily fugitive sailed northward up the Inside Passage.

Jemmy was headed for Mexico, land of sunshine, pretty girls, and no creditors.

His extraordinary luck continued. In the Strait of Georgia, he encountered the sloop *Deerfoot* en route to Stikine country, holds brimming with provisions to trade. The sloop had developed a leak, and Jemmy took her in tow. When it appeared that she must founder, Jemmy invited her officers to join him in his Mexican adventure. They agreed, and the *Deerfoot* was stripped of all goods and abandoned.

"Thus well manned and equipped," continues Walbran, "the *Jenny Jones* made for the open sea, passed through Johnstone and Broughton Straits, called at Fort Rupert and Kyuquot, and with steam and sail helping her along, arrived at San Blas, Mexico, after a voyage of 25 days.

"Here Capt. Jones paid the men their wages, and also allowed them $625 for the sloop and her cargo. He subsequently obtained a profitable freight for Mazatlan, and on reaching that port his crew again pressed him for money. One of the men from the ship claimed $1,000, and made application to the U. S. consul to have the vessel seized until his demand was acceded to."

Lest Jemmy consider sailing away as he had at Steilacoom, some untrusting soul unshipped and hid his rudder. But the accusing seaman could not verify his claims that Jemmy had fled the marshal, and the application was dropped. However, Jemmy had at last become disheartened by the constant litigation and sold his ship to Mexican interests for $10,000.

Unencumbered, and enriched, a happy Jemmy Jones headed for the bright lights of San Francisco — and right into the waiting arms of the law. Fortunately, his spirits had revived and he met his latest disaster with the old fire and wit. Hauled before a judge, he vehemently protested that his ship had not left the marshals at Steilacoom, as charged, but that Mr. Huntington and his deputy had left his ship! Which was the truth, after all. The understanding judge replied 'not guilty' and he was free. Thus ending what must be one of the few cases of piracy in Pacific Northwest history.

Jemmy eventually returned to British Columbia, where his debts had been "forgotten or condoned." He tried his hand at coal mining, then commanded the collier *Discovery.* As usual, he was not content with simply sailing her, he had to sink her, too! When she had been raised, he bought her cheaply. He later owned the schooner *Industry* but, as always, not for long. He barely escaped with his life when his last command was swamped off Trial Island.

At sea and ashore he was always in the news. One time, he refused to vacate Nanaimo's Institute Hall which he had rented. The owners found it necessary to surround the place and lower a boy on a rope through a ventilator to serve the writ. Then he sparked a near riot among the drunken seamen from ships in the harbor.

But poor Jemmy's "active and adventurous career" was drawing to a close. "The hard life he had been leading and the severe privations which he had endured were undermining a naturally hardy and strong constitution, until at last he was entirely disabled by repeated attacks of paralysis."

The end came at Victoria's Royal Jubilee Hospital, Aug. 20, 1882, for daring Jemmy Jones, long-ago beloved nuisance, drunkard and pirate. He was 52. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Victoria Daily Colonist.
British Columbia Coast Names, by Capt. J.T. Walbran.

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GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman

SITTING BULL'S
WINCHESTER MODEL 1866

From their first introduction to firearms, the American Indians immediately realized their potential value and coveted them. Even those tribesmen who never became hostile set great price upon the ownership of a gun, often trading precious ponies for one, plus dressed furs and other valuables.

After the white migration to the West reached large proportions, both federal and territorial laws were passed, forbidding the trading of firearms to Indians. In earlier eras, however, certain arms had even been manufactured especially for such trading.

The first of these was the "trade musket" of the flintlock period (previously covered by this department). This was a smoothbore, sometimes well made and sometimes of dubious quality.

It is usually recognized by the large trigger guard (to permit use with a mittoned hand in cold northern areas) and by the stylized "dragon" or "serpent" of brass which was on the side of the stock just opposite the lock. This metal ornament held the heads of the lock screws, which retained that mechanism in place.

So many gun makers adopted this as the standard pattern that the red men came to demand that the dragon be present if the gun was any good!

One story about these trade muskets was formerly accepted as gospel, although other interpretations are now believed to be true. This is the classic tale that the trade value of a musket was its own height in stacked beaver hides, which accounted for the long barrels put on the arms.

However, several points should be considered: Most Indians were shrewd traders — hardly that gullible. Long barrels were formerly made in the belief that they were necessary for efficient ignition of the black powder. Finally, western Indians were horsemen, and they soon came to prefer a short-barreled arm for easier loading on horseback. Therefore, trade-musket barrels gradually became shorter.

By no means were these exclusively used by Indians. Many of the better arms were also popular with the white trappers and traders of the period.

In a later era, roughly the middle of the nineteenth century, this department has told of another popular trade arm. This was the famous "Henry Leman of Lancaster" percussion mountain rifle. Powerful and accurate, The Leman was the answer to a growing demand for better quality arms by Indians. Again,

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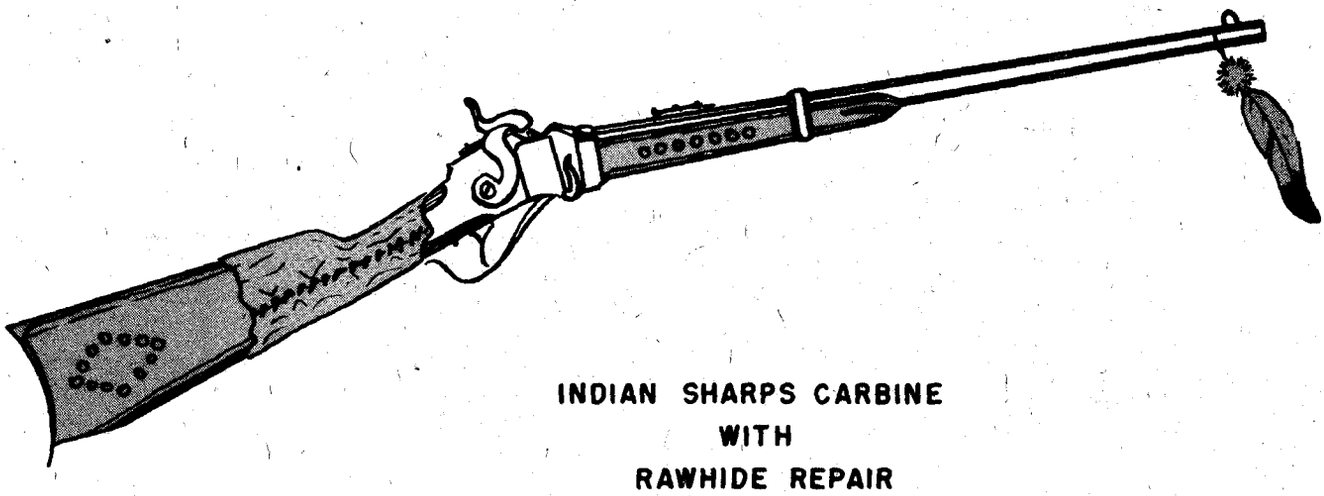
INDIAN RIFLES



INDIAN SHARPS CARBINE
WITH
RAWHIDE REPAIR

Sketched by author

many white traders favored the Leman themselves.

Indians were adopting rifles at a time when the military powers were reluctant to give up the musket. History repeated itself years later when multi-shot rifles became available. The battle of Little Bighorn was a classic example. Custer's troopers carried single-shot .45-70 carbines, while their red adversaries had armed themselves, as far as possible, with repeating Winchesters and Henrys!

The .45-70 Springfield cartridge was more powerful than the .44 rimfire of the Henry and the Winchester 1866, or than the .44-40 center-fire cartridge of the Winchester 1873. Faster firing of the lever-action repeaters, however, was a great advantage. The ability to carry more ammunition per pound of weight was another one.

With all of the value placed upon firearms by Indians, they did not usually take very good care of guns.

Black powder was made with potassium nitrate, and the residue from firing it was quick to rust a rifle bore that was not thoroughly cleaned and oiled. Many red warriors did not fully understand this, so most Indian-owned rifles of that era are now in poor-inside condition. Naturally, the outside surfaces took a beating from weather, unavoidable falls, etc. The braves did not have replacement parts available to them as white men did, so sights were often missing, and stocks were frequently broken and repaired.

An ingenious Indian method of stock repair was to stretch wet rawhide over a cracked area of a stock, lacing it tightly. Drying it in the sun would shrink the rawhide until it became hard, tough and tight as a vise.

Geometric patterns with brass-headed tacks were a favorite decoration for the rifle. Most tribes followed this practice, and such tacks were a standard trade item.

One of our drawings shows the 1866 Winchester carbine which Sitting Bull surrendered to Major David Brotherton in 1881. In better condition than most authenticated Indian rifles, this .44 rimfire's stock has the traditional brass-tack decoration.

Today, any firearm once owned by an Indian warrior is an important relic of western history. As such it is highly desired by collectors, and very expensive. As Indian ownership is easily faked, be careful to purchase them only from well-known dealers who will guarantee their authenticity with a notarized statement.

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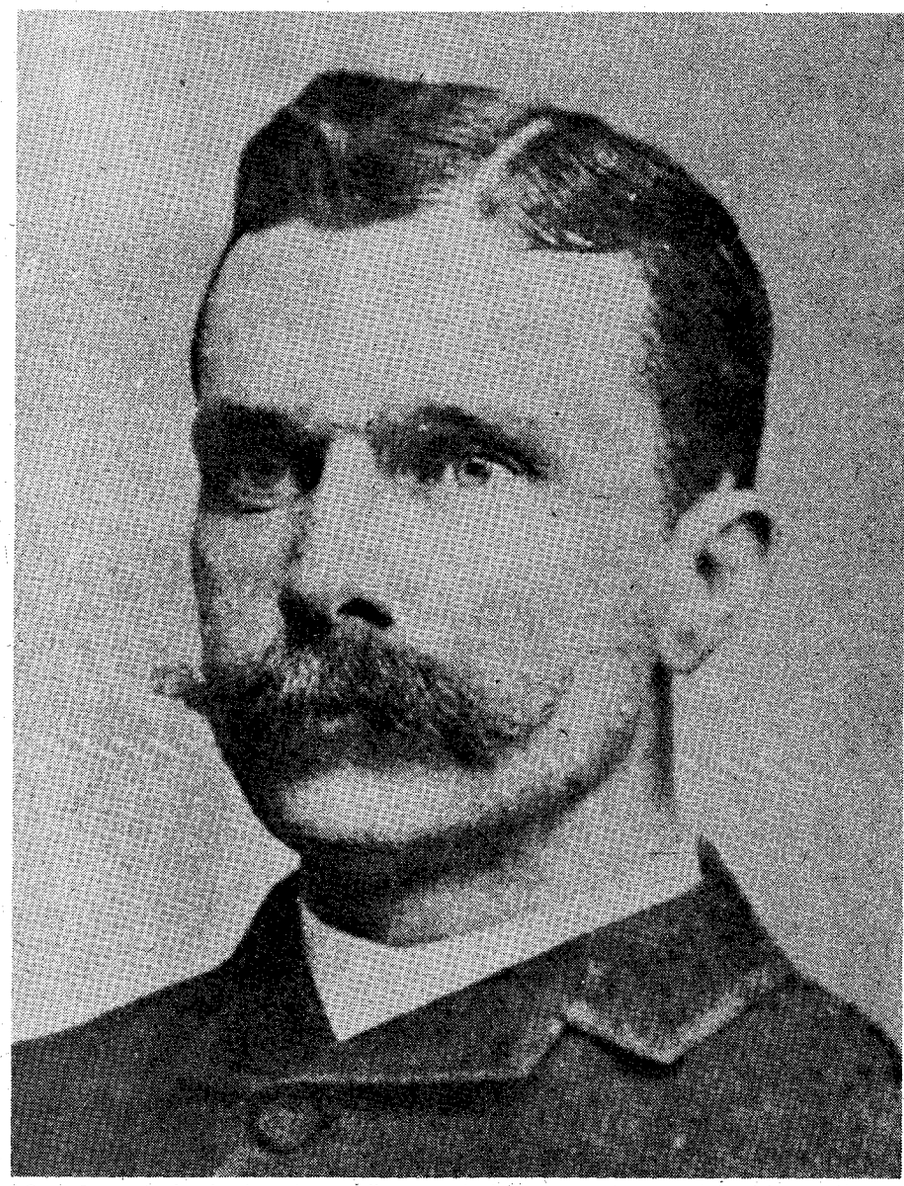
The Day OUTLAW SAM BASS Was Killed

By Carl W. Breihan

In July, 1878, Round Rock, Texas, was crowded with people waiting for the notorious outlaw, Sam Bass, to die. Few present knew that Bass had been led into a trap by a man named Jim Murphy who betrayed his companions in return for amnesty for crimes he was going to be tried for.



Sam Bass. Ambushed and mortally wounded during an attempted robbery of the bank at Round Rock, Texas. (Relatives of Sam Bass stated this photo was not of Sam, and they may be right.)

It is July 21st, 1878; the streets of Round Rock, Texas are heavy with oppressive heat and thick with strangers who were crowding the hotels, sleeping in halls and lobbies, or camping out at the edge of town. In the first hours of daylight they are walking the dusty streets and staring curiously at the mute jailhouse walls. They are waiting for a man to die!!

At 4 o'clock that Sunday afternoon this man, Sam Bass, died, withholding all the knowledge that would tend to positively implicate his confederates. He would make no confession. He would not talk about religion, and referred but briefly to his family. In reply to leading questions as to his doings and the records of those who are equally guilty with him, he uniformly made the same

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answer, "It is not my profession to tell what I know. It would hurt too many good men." He made this remark to one of his physicians and to Major Jones. To the latter he said, "It is agin my profession to blow on my pals. If a man knows anything he ought to die with it in him."

His utterances were plain and sensible, but illiterate. His general manner was one of absolute but unobtrusive defiance. He could neither read nor write to any extent. Among his men he ruled by exerting great energy, courage, dash and generosity. Sentimentalists will call him a noble desperado. His last words were insignificant. To his colored nurse, James Chatman, who had tended him closely since he had been in town, Bass said, "The world is bobbing around!" This was his last utterance. He was warned by his physicians twenty minutes before his death that the end was near. It was thought that he might wish to give some details that would be of interest to the authorities.

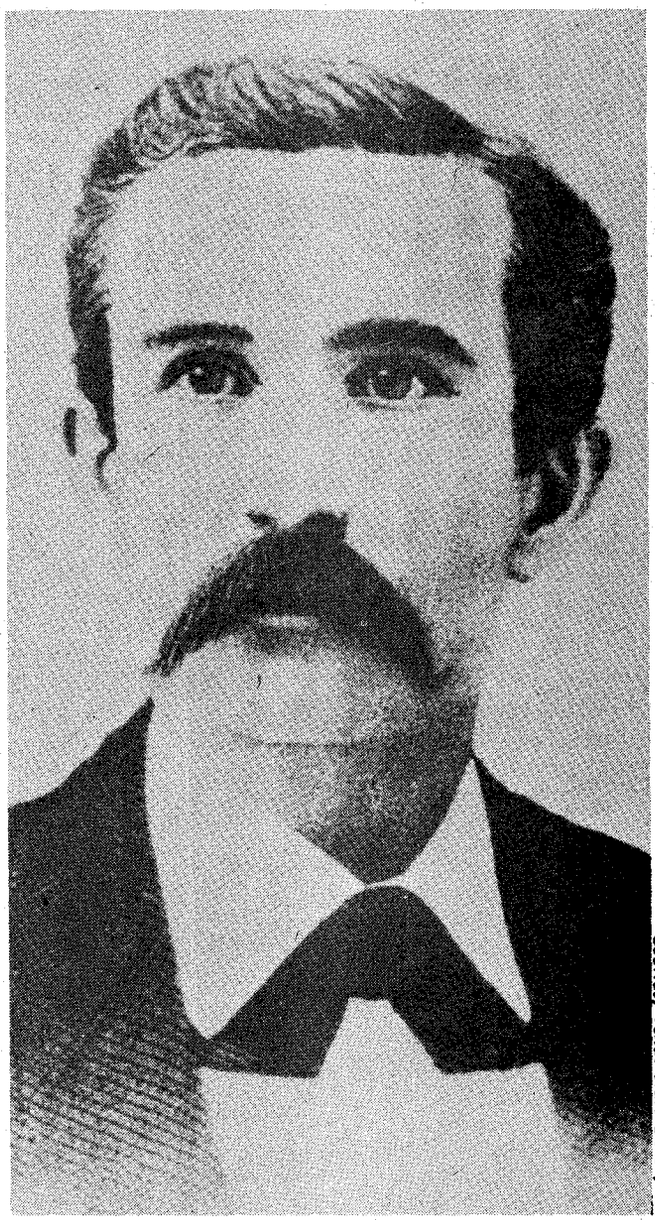
Sam Bass replied briefly to the warning of death; "Let me go," is all that he uttered. His death took place two days after he was shot. No severe struggles of suffering were observed until Saturday afternoon when he showed intense agony. Even then he thought he would weather the storm and recover, a delusion that never left him from the moment he was placed upon the cot. His last moments were quiet and the end was characterized by a few short gasps, an interval of one minute with no breathing, and a short jerk of the head.

The object of attraction, which had drawn many people from a distance on every train for two days before, now being no more, the little town of Round Rock will once assume her usual settled ways.

Jim W. Murphy was incarcerated at Tyler (at the time all of the Bass party were indicted) as accessory, he being accused of harboring and giving information to the robbers. On the 19th of May, while in Tyler under bond awaiting his trial, he proposed to Major Jones to go and "get in" with the Sam Bass party and "give them away." This under condition that Major Jones would get the charge against him dismissed. The proposition was at once accepted, the agreement being that Murphy would place Bass and his party in such a position that they could be captured.

Also, if one of the gang should be captured, the charge should be dismissed against Murphy, or likewise if he should prove to Major Jones' satisfaction that he had tried and had done all that was in his power to effect the capture and had failed through no fault of his, then Major Jones promised to appear in court on his behalf and give him credit for what he had tried to do. Murphy also appealed to Major Jones to intercede for his father, Henderson Murphy, who was indicted also, and begged that the charge against the old man be dismissed, stating that the old man had done nothing for which he should be tried. Major Jones promised to do all that he could for the old man. In pursuance of this agreement Murphy left Tyler secretly next morning, and it was promptly announced in the newspaper that he had jumped his bond.

Major Jones arranged to be in Galveston at the time that Murphy "jumped bail" and he gave the newspapers this report, stating he received a wire from Tyler with the information. Jones expressed deep sympathies for the sureties on the large bond of $15,000, and the people were not the wiser of the trick. When Murphy's case was called in court a forfeiture notice was placed against the bond signers. At the same time, old man Murphy's case came up and a *nolle-prosequi* was entered. This was done because it was announced that no testimony of sufficient strength existed against him, and of which fact Major Jones was fully satisfied. United States District Attorney Evans showed no hesitation, from the facts before him, to recommend the action adopted in the case.



Courtesy Texas State Library

Major John B. Jones, Texas Ranger who was instrumental in bringing Sam Bass to justice.

These developments will be remembered by those who have watched the progress of the train robbery cases. Captain June Peak of the Texas Rangers and Walter Johnson, deputy United States Marshal, were admitted into the secret. Murphy was to report progress to them from time to time, as well as to Major Jones, and to call upon either or both of them for assistance in making arrests. Peak and Johnson were also to protect Murphy and prevent his being arrested and put in jail for jumping his bond.

Murphy went home to Denton County and at once made overtures to the Bass party, telling them he had jumped his bond and wanted to join them, and would assist them in whatever they would undertake in their line of business, as he was on the scout and had to lie out in the brush. He played the part of a fugitive, one evading notice and showing anxiety for personal safety. Indeed, he would have been taken promptly by any officer of the law who had not been let into the Jones-Murphy secret. But Bass and his men were suspicious of him and would not trust him fully or take him into their clan for some time. They finally formed an alliance, and on the 9th of June he went regularly in with them.

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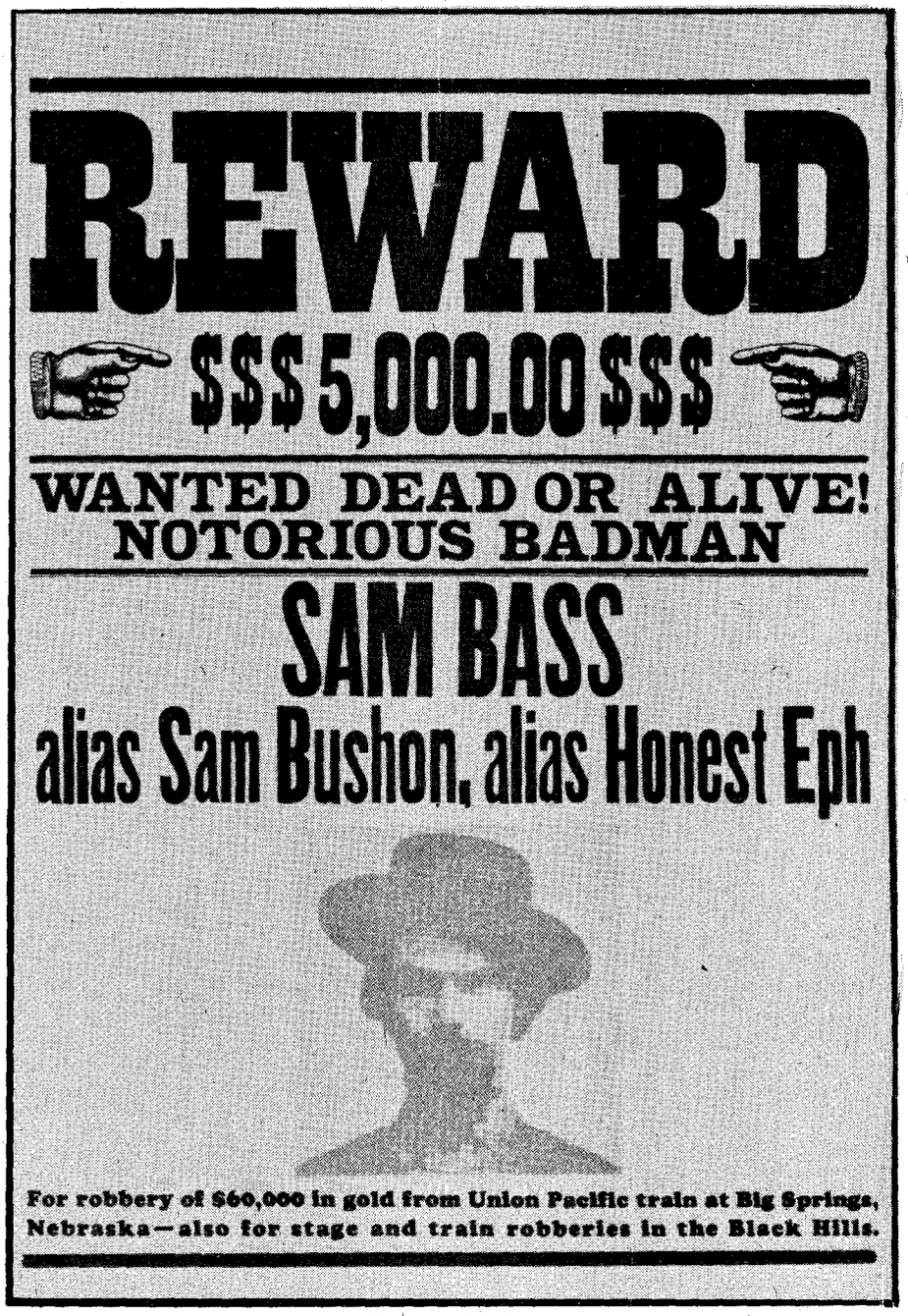
Carl Breihan collection


REWARD
$$$ 5,000.00 $$$
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE!
NOTORIOUS BADMAN
SAM BASS
alias Sam Bushon, alias Honest Eph
For robbery of $60,000 in gold from Union Pacific train at Big Springs, Nebraska—also for stage and train robberies in the Black Hills.

Reward poster for Sam Bass.

About this time Sheriff Everhart of Grayson County, to whom Johnson had communicated the secret, came to Murphy's house to assist in making the arrests. Murphy told him that he would have two of them back of his field that night and that he could arrest them if he wanted to. But for some reason, which Murphy does not know, the sheriff's party did not show up. The plan was then made to arrest them at Bolivar, in Denton County, or on the road to Denton, where they were going to steal some horses, but this also failed. They then determined to leave that neighborhood, and they went by Denton and stole a horse and saddle from Billy Mount's stable. Major Jones now had this horse in his keeping for Mount. Murphy stood guard at the stable while the others stole the horse. They then went down Elm Street, passed near Dallas and on to Collos Settlement, where they rested two days. Here the party received information that Murphy was with them for the purpose of betraying them.

The outlaws held a council of war, determining that Murphy must die. When the decision was made known to him he begged for his life, acknowledging that he had entered into the agreement, but that it was done to effect his escape from the clutches of the law and with the intentions of "giving Major Jones and the state government away" and not them, and that if they would trust him he would take the lead in the first dangerous undertaking to prove his fidelity to them. He pleaded earnestly and long for his life. Jackson, fortunately for him, had been a friend of Murphy, and now took his part. Murphy told of how Jackson said he would not believe Murphy would give them away; he knew the boy well and would not lend his decision to a sacrifice, bloody and without a fair trial.

In reference to this part of his experience, Murphy said, "I wouldn't go through it all again for $50,000 piled down on the floor before me, no sir, with all the anxiety and watching, I had to suffer." To Major Jones he later said, "Bass is no more, you are the man to thank for it, are you not?" Murphy struck his knees with his broad brown hat, continuing, "Well, it's all over now and I am glad of it." He heaved a sigh of relief and was rising to go when he was asked if he did not feel kindly toward Jackson. He said he hoped the good fates would be with that generous boy, and felt he owed him a debt of gratitude. For Underwood also Murphy expressed good feelings because of personal attachments. "They are good boys at heart, but on the wrong side," he said.

The pretentions of fidelity by Murphy to the Bass outlaw gang apparently satisfied Bass, but from that time on, they kept so close a watch on him that he had no opportunity to communicate with anyone who could assist him until the party reached Belton. There he sent news to Sheriff Everhart and Major Jones. Those persons who are at a loss to know why Major Jones was not better posted as to exact date of arrival and place of Bass and party at Round Rock may here observe the cause. On one occasion Murphy had just dropped a letter in the post office box when Bass came in and wanted to know what he was after. Murhy told him he was looking for an old newspaper to read while in camp.

Bass and company left Billy Collins' neighborhood about the 15th of June. Then they went to Rockwell, reaching that place one week after they left Denton County; they stayed one night and went to Terrell, remaining one night. Bass and Jackson examined the two banks there and concluded that Hall & Co. was the best, but they decided not to hold it up. Here Murphy acted the cautious member of the band. He endeavored on every occasion, when a robbery was proposed, to defer it or defeat the design. His plan was to launch the party into the hands of the Rangers without the perpetration of

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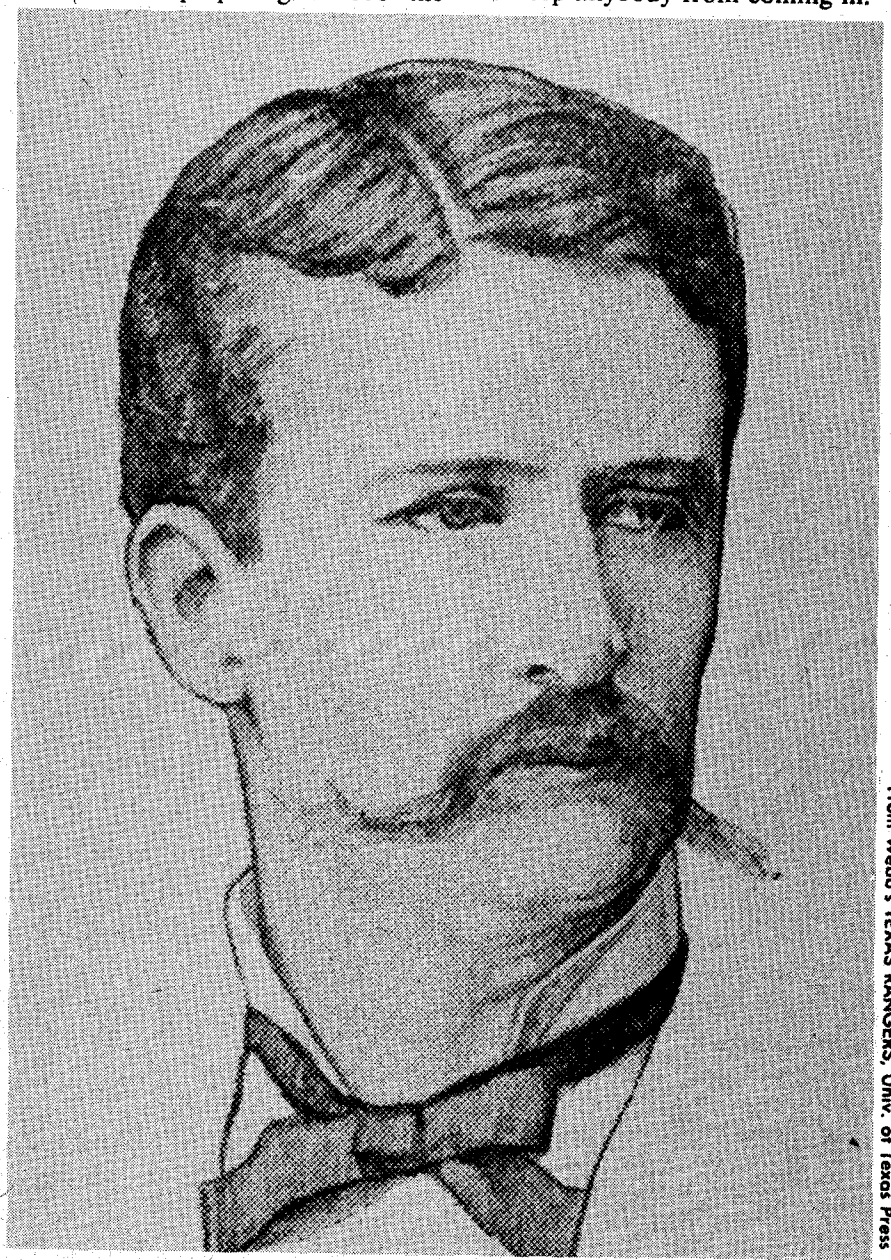
crimes or any killings, or as little of this as possible. From Terrell they went to Kauffman, and finding no bank, Bass got an old man, keeper of a store in which he had a safe, to change a ten-dollar bill but, on noting the situation, thought the haul not worth the risk. They went next to Ennis, where Bass and Murphy ate dinner at a hotel and fed their horses at a stable. The Ennis bank was examined and found rather secure.

The Bass party next went to Waco and camped two miles from town, on the east side of the river. Murphy and Jackson, detailed to look up the banks, saw a prize in the State Savings Bank. Jackson was enthusiastic as he had seen quantities of paper money and gold on the counter. Murphy, as usual, was cautious but had little to say until next day on the return of Jackson and Bass to camp. The latter had seen the prize, and decided to capture the bank. The outlaws moved their camp to a location more convenient to escape, the route of which was laid out. Murphy and Jackson went in to get provisions, and Murphy opened his persuasive batteries on Jackson, urging the danger of robbing a large bank in such a heavily populated town. On their return to camp, Murphy still cautioned against the daring move, arguing principally that the bank was too well guarded. Finally the enterprise was abandoned.

Bass and Murphy went into town again, and took a drink at the Branch Saloon, where Bass had changed his last $20 gold piece. This was one of the famous peices stamped 1874, and was stolen in the great $60,000 Union Pacific robbery in Nebraska. They returned to camp, one mile south of Waco, and that night Barnes went back to the edge of town and stole a large dark bay mare with a little white on the face, white hind feet, and one broken rib causing a protuberance on the left side. The mare paced very fast.

Bass and company stayed around Waco three days altogether, and then went to Belton, where Murphy sold Barnes' old mare, which he had been riding previously, to a little blacksmith and gave a bill of sale in his own name, J.W. Murphy. He explained this act by saying he wished to leave some mark in his wake, showing where he was operating; and thinking, too, it might lead to detection of the party. One of the party gave Murphy a five-dollar bill to change, and while moving around to do this he managed to give them the dodge long enough to write to Sheriff Everharton on the 18th of June. Murphy also told his party that the bank of the town, being in the back of the store, was hard to get at and not worth the risk. Leaving Belton they moved to Georgetown, where Murphy found a chance to write to Major Jones, but he came near being caught in the act of mailing and had to lie out of it to Bass. After a stay of one day at Georgetown, the party moved to camp on the roadside two miles from Round Rock.

The outlaws camped the next night nearer town, where the San Saba Road crosses a creek, and afterward near old Round Rock, a mile from new Round Rock, south of the graveyard, near the homes of some Negro folks. During these movements they were resting their horses and preparing to rob the Williamson County Bank at Round Rock. Murphy pretended that his horse was nearly broken down to delay the robberty and give Major Jones time to arrive. In the meantime the party went into the bank several times. Bass and Murphy at different times got five-dollar bills changed. After the closest examination of the bank, the following plan was fixed upon to rob it. They were all to go to the bank on foot, leaving their horses hitched in an alley near the bank. Barnes was to give the cashier a bill to change, the last they had, and while he was doing this Bass was to level his pistol at the cashier and make him hold up his hands, and Barnes would jump over the counter, take the money and put it in a sack. In the meantime Jackson and Murphy were to stand in the doorway of the bank to keep anybody from coming in.



From Webb's TEXAS RANGERS, Univ. of Texas Press

Capt. Lee Hall. He plotted with Murphy to betray Sam Bass.

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Sebe Barnes, Sam Bass, and Frank Jackson came into Round Rock on July 19th, 1878, the day the fight was precipitated, to make the final examination of the bank, leaving Murphy in charge of the camp. Believing their horses were properly rested, they fixed on Saturday, July 20th, for the robbery of the bank. After getting the money they were to move out on the San Saba Road a short distance, then turn to the right, go up west to Georgetown and make their way to Denton, where they proposed to kill Deputy Sheriffs Wetzell and McGing of Denton County. They swore death to one Billy Scott, the man who had been a witness against them, if they had to ride into Dallas to get him. They say he wormed himself into Collins' confidence, and through him got with the party under pretense of joining it; the first time he was with them, Arkansas Johnson told them he was a spy and insisted on killing him. Bass, having confidence in Collins, believed Scott all right, however, and would not consent to this plan.

Other members of the Bass band, not being among them at the time of the Round Rock fiasco, deserve to have their names mentioned as well, I suppose. It is known that Arkansas Johnson was killed and Henry Underwood and Henry Collins were wounded in the fight on Salt Creek. Collins ran off during the fight and was seen by one of the party, but only once. Since the fight, neither Underwood, Carter nor Collins was with Bass. Carter went home but was sent out of the country by his father. William Collins, after jumping his bond, promised to join Bass and go with him, but when they went to his home, they could learn nothing of him. He owed Bass money, to which fact Bass attributed to his disappearance.

One wonders what Murphy's letter to Major Jones, mailed from Belton, Texas, had to say. A search reveals that in substance the letter stated Murphy was trying to get in with the Bass party as planned, and Major Jones explained the course of the correspondence. Murphy also communicated with Captain Peak several times. After he got in with the outlaws, he had no opportunity to write or communicate with him (Jones) on account of his being watched so closely by the robbers, one of whom always remained with him, and Major Jones knew nothing of their movements or whereabouts until he received a letter from Murphy written at Belton. This letter was mailed on the 18th of July, informing Major Jones that the party would be at Round Rock about that time and would camp in the immediate vicinity four or five days to rest their horses, which were worn out. They would prospect around and then rob a train or a bank. Murphy begged that the letter should not be shown to anyone; that if it was ever known, the clan would kill him. He implored the major to be on hand at the time or he would have to join in the robbery, otherwise Bass would kill him. He said he would see Major Jones when he came to Round Rock or write him and let him know as soon as their plans for the robbery were arranged. Major Jones at once started a courier with instructions to Lt. Reynolds, who was at Lampasas with some men, to meet him at Round Rock next morning, and by daylight next morning he sent three men, whom he had in Austin, to Round Rock and went there himself on the first train. He took with him Deputy Sheriff Maurice Moore, whom he happened to meet on the street on his way to the depot.

Courtesy Wayne Gard

Captain June Peak Texas Ranger

Arriving at Round Rock he went to the post office, expecting to find a letter from Murphy, but was disappointed. He then gave information to the banker that the Bass gang was in the area and proposing to swoop down on his establishment. He also called on Deputy Sheriff Grimes, who had once been a member of his command, and took him and Albert Highsmith into his confidence. They sent spies out to search the country around the town for the robber camp. At nightfall, having heard nothing of the robbers, and not knowing if they had passed on to Austin or concluded to strike at some other point, Major Jones notified Captain Hall and the sheriff and United States marshal to look out for them in Austin. At the same time he wired the railroad officials to place guards on their trains operating in that vicinity.

That night Major Jones and his men concealed themselves at the depot at Round Rock to protect the train, and also had the town

(continued on page 54)

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INDIANS OF DEATH VALLEY

By Clarence M. Fink

Flat-faced Piutes and Shoshones with pudgy Diggers of blistering Death Valley were the most degraded natives of North America. Treacherous as their terrain, cruel as cactus, the Valley tribes were fatalistic in their way of thinking, for heat and hunger dictated their every move in life. Their very existence depended on the daily, frantic search for food. These savages consumed anything that walked, flew or crawled, including their enemies. Durable and cruel, cannibalistic to a great degree, these blood-thirsty Indians killed the most hated of their foes and cut out their hearts, which they ate raw or sliced up into small pieces for wholesome soup. By eating these human organs, the sun-baked natives believed they were gaining extra strength for themselves. By wolfishly absorbing the fresh, human brains of their victims, they believed they would become smarter. 'Eat to live' was their elemental objective.

For practically all their lives they were not far removed from a Stone-Age existence, with hunger, food, shade and water constantly uppermost in their minds. Their summer hot spots closely resembled the chaotic and burning regions of a sardonic Mephistopheles while they fought for daily survival. Registering 134 degrees at one place in the Valley, just two degrees cooler than the world's hottest, fiery desert wastes, these hungry red men knew the haunts of eatable grasshoppers, soft-bodied snails, horned toads, snakes, and every place where creatures with good flesh lived. A real delicacy to their plates and stomachs resided in a hollow of water which harbored small pupfish in a place called the Devil's Hole. These Death Valley grubbers made their flour from Mesquite beans, stored their pinons and roots in favored places as a hedge against sudden hunger.

As one early, adventurous frontiersman put it: "These ugly critters are as hell-bound as any human can be. They think nothing of killing their mother-in-laws and eating them!" All trails in Death Valley led to life-giving water holes. Yet the next following ones were just as important to the tribes. A water scout would walk along each trail to look for stones. If he found an oblong one with a smaller, white stone placed crosswise, it meant that this certain path led to another water hole of good quality. But if a black piece of malpai stone showed up, it meant that the next drinking place was poisoned by someone intent on a tribe "wipe-out." Each separately placed stone there represented a day's journey along the trail.

To avoid any group tragedy of this kind, the water of any liquid hole was skimmed off and dashed on a rock. If it possessed an odor of any kind or had a smell of onion, it was quickly considered to be poisoned and shunned, no matter how deep the pangs of thirst.

The Piutes had their medicine men, too, who had no choice in the matter. The selected men had these jobs for life, accountable constantly to the tribe for their failures to cure. If an Indian lost three patients in a row while doctoring them, he was stoned to death with the approval of all the natives. Relatives of the deceased thought the departed man's spirit entered the medicine man's skin and often became angry and butchered him for ineptness at his job.

The corpses were buried in a crouching position with their knees and elbows bent with hands cupped to their ears so they would be ready for quick action when the Great Spirit called them. ●RW

Source: *Death Valley Trails* by Will Caruthers, Shoshone, Calif, 1951 and others.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

Line of days gone by, or be an ancestor of mine? I'm 50, come from County Mayo, Eire. Characters like Jesse James, John Wesley Hardin, Frank James, The Youngers, The Daltons, Quantrill, etc. are meat and drink to me. I found the article "The Big Five," by Mario A. DeMarco of great interest, too. Agreed, Tom Mix & company were great. But, Mario, Ken Maynard himself said he never did make 300 pictures. He said 125 would be nearer the mark. Ken was *no* actor, as he once said: "How could you act at something you already were and I was a cowboy?" The last of the Big Five, Tim McCoy, probably knows more than anyone living about the old West. It's good to know Tim is still in harness. If anyone cares to write to me, I'll answer all letters.

Best regards,
Mike Dillion
5 The Groves (Off Cranbourne Terrace)
Stockton-on-Tees
Cleveland County TS18 3PU, England

GOVERNOR JOHN EVANS NOT HERO?

Dear Sirs:

It was with incredibility and alarm that I read Clarence M. Fink's story of Colorado's governor John Evans, REAL WEST, October 1974. Governor John Evans is not a "forgotten hero." He was neither a hero nor was he forgotten. If Mr. Fink would read Dee Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, S. L. A. Marshal's *Crimsoned Prairie* or David Nevin's *The Soldiers*, or for that matter any half-accurate book on the Indian wars, he could not fail to observe that Governor Evans was no hero. And Mr. Fink's account of the "Battle of Sand Creek" makes me consider him either very inaccurate or very biased. This article practically changed the history of the West. Mr. Fink must be about the only author around with these opinions. How did this story manage to get printed in your - I thought until now - reputable magazine?

Truly yours,
Peter Townsend
69 Greenhill Road
Paisley, Scotland

SILENT MOVIE COWBOY FAN

Dear Sir:

I am an ardent reader (and so is my family) of REAL WEST magazine. That was a fine story on Buzz Barton, once my cowboy idol. I would like to know if there is a movie museum in the U. S. on "B" Western cowboys and where I can purchase books, magazines or photos of silent movie cowboys from 1903 to about 1928, such as Augustus Carney, Pee Wee Holmes, Les Cuneo, Buzz Barton, Bob Curwood, Fred Morrison, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Monty Montana and many, many more? I enjoy reading REAL WEST on stories or biographies of old-time silent western stars.

Yours truly,
Chester J. Gembski
Box 325
Chambersburg, Pa. 17201 ●RW

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

that much illness was caused by evil spirits, and they knew how to overcome them. The shaman was more powerful than the medicine man and was more like a priest-healer. They excelled in magic and while the medicine man could pull pebbles from a wound, or seem to, the shaman could use his evil powers to put them there. The shaman would work with the witches in the tribe.

Witches were feared by most tribes, and among the Iroquois witches were called "Bear Walks," because the bear was believed to be a supernatural being. They carried special pouches, also called Bear Walks. Witchcraft could be used for many things, and young women would use it to attract a young man of their choice or to work a spell of revenge on a rival. Spells could be worked by witches and affect one person or the whole tribe. Witches and demons worked together.

Demons could turn themselves into animals and attack a person, or they could hide in the rivers or streams and make the current run fast. They could cause a tree to crash down upon the earth into the path of someone. Demons could assume any form, and the Indians had to be alert to these powers. Each tribe had their own demons, and one method of protection was by the fetish.

Charms and fetishes were in many shapes, but often a charm was a fetish which had lost its power. They were hung in dwellings, on the war shield, on the horse, or carried or worn by the person. An Indian mother would attach a fetish to her baby's cradle board for protection. The Indian believed that rocks, plants, trees, in fact all things in the universe possessed immortal life, and while the lakes and seas could not traverse the earth,

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rivers and streams could, and these had to be held in bounds by a powerful fetish. The god of winter and those of the hills and mountains could cause storms and quakes and had to be held in check by a fetish. The fetish could be bits of animal horn, claws, teeth, bits of hair or wood; a popular one was a strange rock or stone. If the stone had the look of a strange animal or bird, or odd markings or bits of other rocks embedded in it, it could be carried as a fetish. The fetish could be acquired by the whole family or tribe for the purpose of promoting good-will and welfare among the tribe, or it could be a private thing. To have power, the fetish first had to be important to the person who was carrying it. Among the Hopi a powerful fetish for fractures was a splinter from a tree which had been struck by lightning. The Hidasta used the teeth of the beaver tied around the neck of little girls so they would be more industrious. ●RW

DOCTORS, DISEASE AND MEDICINE

(continued from page 29)

their profession by attending an old, established physician, while the fakers displayed on their walls the reassuring certificate.

When you think back on it, it wasn't so long ago — one hundred and twenty years or so — that these pioneers slogged 2,000 miles or more across deserts and swamps, mountains and valleys, bearing with them women and children, burying hundreds along the way, suffering hunger, thirst, disease and predatory Indians, staggering half dead into the Promised Land and starting anew, haunted by memories of loved ones buried far back on the trail. A stirring example of courage, endurance and a sterling example of what orating politicians call "the American spirit." ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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Sea Routes to the Gold Fields: The Migration by Water to California 1849-52 - Knopf, New York, 1949.

Gold Fever - by George W. Groh - William Morrow, New York, 1966.

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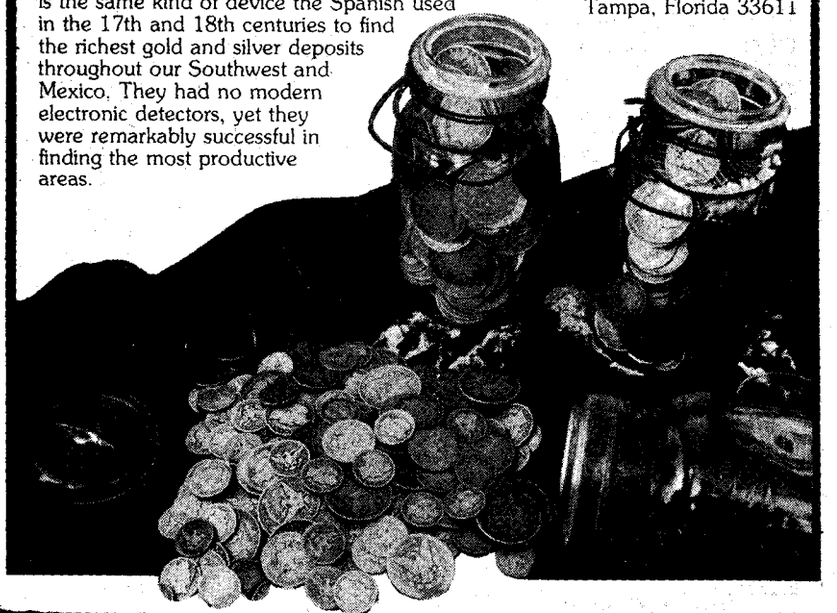

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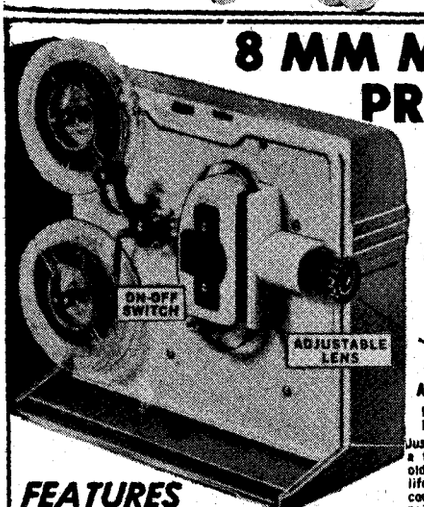

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SAM BASS

(continued from page 50)

thoroughly patroled. Next morning his spies were out at daylight, searching the area for Bass' camp. His men were stationed at suitable points to watch for the bandits, and particularly to keep a sharp lookout in the vicinity of the bank. About noon, having heard that Lt. Reynolds had moved from Lampasas to San Saba, and fearing that he would not arrive in time, he wired to Austin for Captain Hall, who arrived at two o'clock that afternoon. After consultation they wired to Austin for Lt. Armstrong and some of Hall's men, as it was supposed the robbers numbered seven or eight men. About 4:00 in the afternoon the Ranger who was keeping watch at the bank saw three men walk up the street and enter the store of Mr. Koppel. One of the men appeared to have a pistol under his coat. He immediately informed Deputy Sheriffs Moore and Hoke Grimes, to whom he had been ordered by Major Jones to report. Grimes, not suspecting who the parties were but supposing they were cowboys, said he would go and see, and if one of them had a pistol he would arrest him for unlawfully bearing arms, and Moore went with him.

They found three men in the store buying tobacco. Grimes walked back to where the three strangers were, placed a hand on one of them and asked him if he had a pistol. All three men answered in unison, "Yes!"

Then it started. Bass, Barnes, and Jackson all drew simultaneously. Grimes stood helpless as two of them fired their guns pointblank at him. Six bullets ripped through his body and he whirled away from them, arms outflung, and crashed to the floor, dead. Moore, standing near the door, was caught flat-footed. The bandits fired several shots at him, one of them penetrating his left breast. Moore managed to get out his gun, firing several shots as the three men rushed through the doorway. He saw one of them bleeding from the right hand; this man turned out to be Sam Bass.

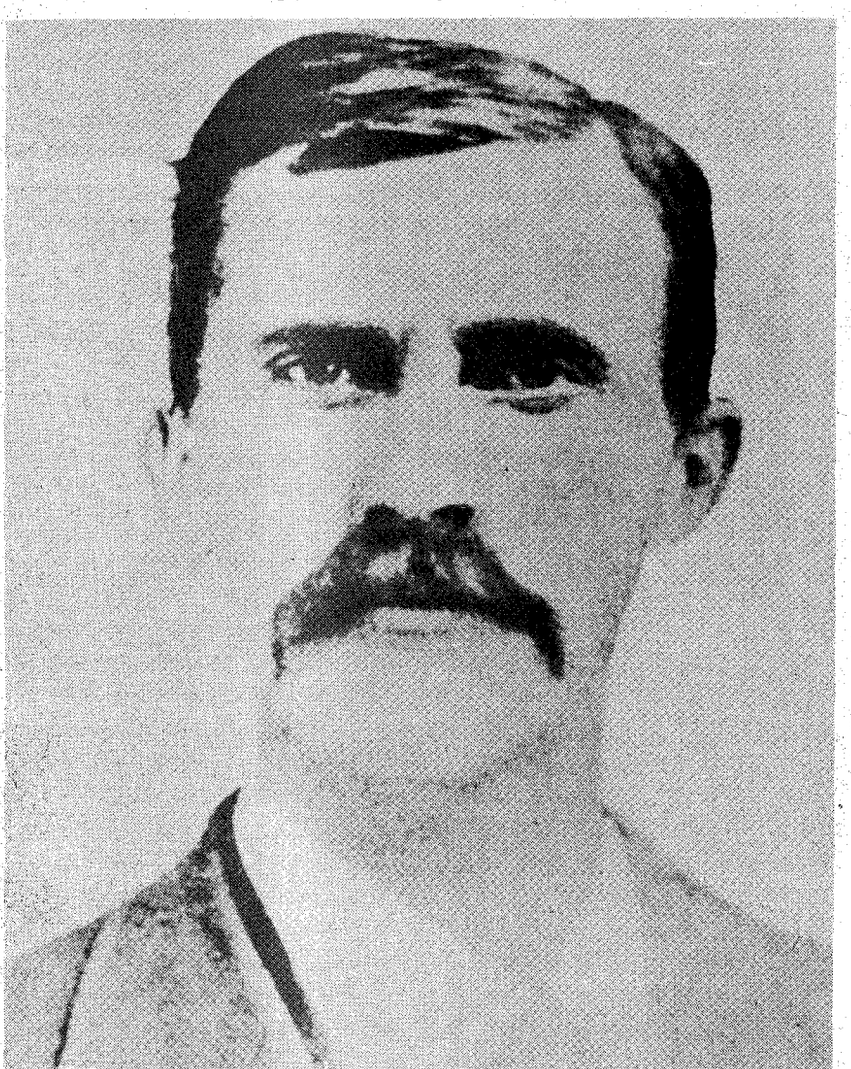
Leaving their stations, three Rangers rushed to the store, firing at the three men as they retreated across the street. Major Jones, coming from the telegraph office when the firing began, ran up to the Robinson corner where, seeing the situation, he called on his men to commence firing on the bandits. The street was alive with frantic people and wild bullets. Men were rushing to get under cover. Women and children were screaming and running for their homes.

The outlaws retreated up the street, halfway across the square, and down the alley, at the lower end of which were hitched their horses. As the bandits retreated down the alley, F.L. Jordan, a merchant, fired at them from the back door of his store. They hesitated a moment, then sent bullets flying into the door jamb. That pause delayed them just long enough for Ranger George Harrell to leap into the mouth of the alley and cut loose at them. His first shot tore into the small of Sam Bass' back, and the outlaw chief gasped and twisted against the wall of the alley, firing back at Harrell. Then he turned and staggered to where the horses were tied. Another Ranger, R.C. Ware, dropped to one knee, threw the barrel of his pistol across his forearm, and fired as they attempted to quiet their snorting animals. Sebe Barnes stiffened, and his head smashed against the side of his horse. He turned and fell down in the street, a bullet through his head just behind the eyes. Jackson grabbed his saddlebag and leaped on his horse. With his arm around Bass, who was riding another horse, the two men dashed wildly from Round Rock.

As the two outlaws galloped out of town Jim Murphy, who had come in from camp, stepped out of the crowd and approached Major Jones, wearing a smile which probably was not used in months.

Captain Hall pursued the robbers until the trail was lost in the brush and then returned to town, as it was too near night and his horses were too nearly broken down to give further chase.

About two hours after the fight, Lt Reynolds arrived with ten men, having ridden from San Saba (a distance of 100 miles) since seven o'clock the previous evening. He left his men a mile or two out of town, and came in to report to Major Jones before br



Lt. N. O. Reynolds of the Texas Rangers. He brought his men to Round Rock just after the fight was over.

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inging his men in. Later on the evening Lt. Armstrong's party arrived from Austin. Next morning Sergeant Neville of Lt. Reynolds' command, with eight men accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Tucker, took the trail of Bass and Jackson where it had been lost the evening before, but soon found that the two had separated.

About four miles from town they rode up on a rail section crew working along the right-of-way, with a pack of mules grazing near the railroad. A man lay under a tree nearby, but the Rangers thought he was tending the mules.

The railroad workers told Sergeant Neville that the man lying under the tree was hurt, saying he was shot during a fight in town. Neville approached the tree.

When he was about twenty feet away, the man called out to him, "Don't shoot. I'm unarmed and helpless. I'm the one you're looking for. I am Sam Bass."

This information was relayed to Major Jones who, accompanied by Dr. Cochran, brought the prisoner in in an ambulance wagon. Major Jones made every effort to have the dying Bass make a confession as to his various activities and to divulge, if he knew, the whereabouts of others of his band. He made one important statement in confirming the participants of the great Union Pacific robbery in Nebraska in 1877. Sam Stated thusly: "These men were Joel Collins, Bill Heffridge, Tom Nixon, Jack Davis, Jim Berry and Me. Tom Nixon is in Canada, haven't seen him since that robbery. Jack Davis was in New Orleans from the time of that robbery till he went to Denton to get me to go with him to buy hides. This was the last of April, 1878. About the shooting at Round Rock. Grimes asked me if I had a pistol. Said I did, then all three of us drew and shot him. If I killed him it was the first man I ever killed.

"I am 27 years old. Have four sisters and brothers John and Linton at Mitchell, Indiana. Have not seen Underwood since the Salt Creek fight. Saw two Collinses at old man Collins' since I left Denton. Have been in the robbing business a long time. Had done much business of that kind before the U. P. robbery last fall."

On Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, Sam breathed deeply, trying to catch his breath, then went limp. Sam Bass, the Texas outlaw, a legend before his death, passed away. Dr. Cochran checked his pocket watch; it was exactly two minutes before four.

Sebe Barnes was buried Sunday in the northwst corner of the cemetery beyond Brushy Creek. Deputy Sheriff Gimes was buried with full ceremony, as deserving that of a hero.

On Monday, Sam's body was placed in a plain pine box, carted to the cemetery by two Negroes, and placed in a grave beside Barnes; it was the most remote and most weedy part of the little cemetery. Later, two plain headstones were erected, thusly inscribed:

Seaborn Barnes
Died July 19, 1878
He Was Right Bower to Sam Bass.

Samuel Bass
Born July 21st, 1851
Died July 21st, 1878

A Brave Man Reposes in Death
Here. Why Was He Not True?

This tombstone, erected by Sam's loving sister from Indiana, soon disappeared, the victim of morbid curiosity-seekers desiring mementoes of Sam. Another was erected later, but it, too, has fallen a victim of this vandalism. We trust the one there now will receive more respect. ●RW

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$1,000,000 IN SILVER ON TOP OF THE GROUND

By Richard Taylor

It is not often possible to gaze upon $1,000,000 in silver lying on top of the ground, just waiting for the taking, but you can do this very thing in the old ghost town of Calico, near Barstow, California.

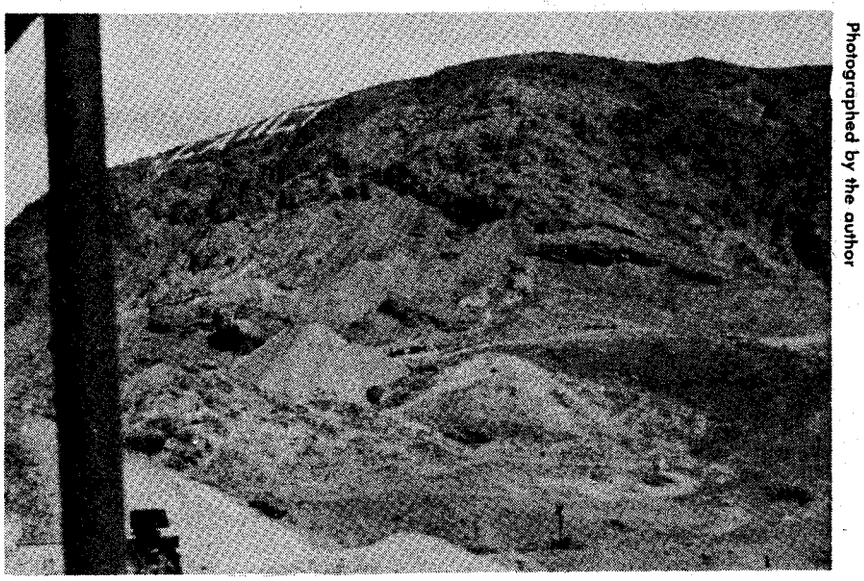
It all began back in 1881, when Sheriff John C. King of San Bernardino County, California, grubstaked several prospectors who, a short time later, discovered the rich Silver King Mine.

Later on, in the early 1900's, King's nephew, Walter Knott, founder of Knott's Berry Farm, worked in the mine, and years later set out to preserve the old town when it was finally deserted. But that's another story.

Miners and the usual boomtown folks poured in soon after the silver was discovered, and the town's population quickly mushroomed to 3,500 — complete with saloons, schools, churches and a busy redlight district.

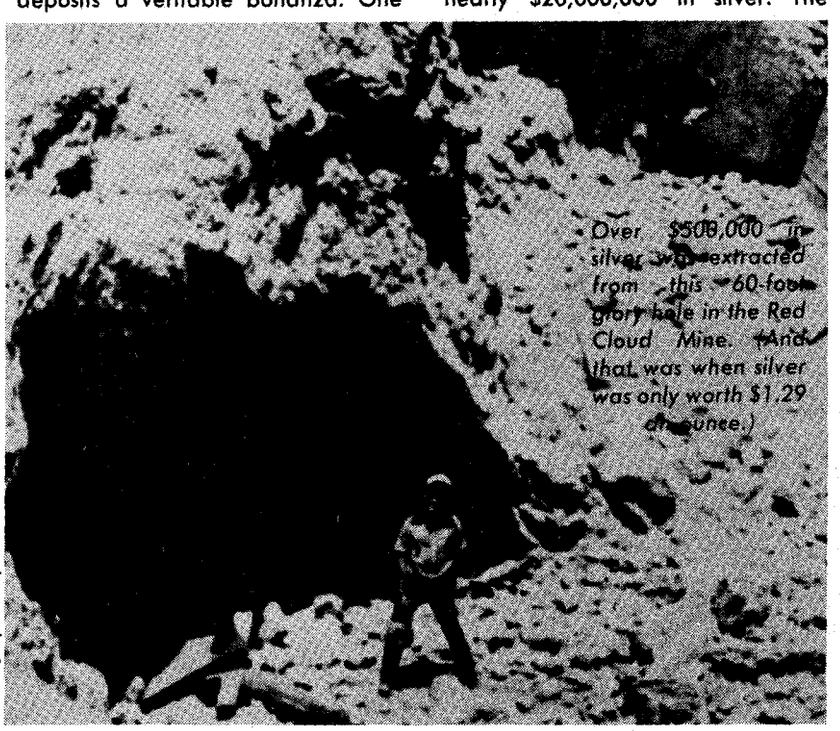
The price of silver at that time was around $1.29 an ounce, which made Calico's easily mined hardrock deposits a veritable bonanza. One glory hole only sixty feet long produced $500,000 in silver. Today's price would make it worth nearly five times that much.

During their fifteen years of peak production, from 1881 till 1896, the mines at Calico produced a total of nearly $20,000,000 in silver. The Silver King Mine alone produced about $10,000,000. Sheriff King made a very handsome profit for merely grubstaking a few prospectors.



Photographed by the author

A recent assay shows that these tailings in front of the Silver King Mine contain more than $1,000,000 in unrecovered silver.



Over $500,000 in silver was extracted from this 60-foot glory hole in the Red Cloud Mine. And that was when silver was only worth $1.29 an ounce.)

Photographed by the author

However, due to primitive methods of recovery, much of the silver in the ore was not recovered, and much was literally thrown away.

According to page 74 of the May 1966 edition of *Mineral Information Service*, a publication of the California Division of Mines and Geology, "All the first class ore from the mines will work $300 per ton, and the owners make it a point not to sack any that will not assay that much." (Silver was then worth about $1.14 per ounce.)

Much of the silver remains in the tailings at the mines; so much that a recent assay indicated that over $1,000,000 could still be extracted from the dump in front of the Silver King Mine tunnel entrance. There is just one catch.

As yet, nobody has figured out an economically feasible way to recover this silver. If you have any ideas, contact the Regional Parks Dept. in San Bernardino, California. They can give you further information. Perhaps you can recover a goodly share of old Calico's $1,000,000-on-top-of-the-ground. ● **RW**

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PRESSURE ACUPUNCTURE

THIS MEDICAL DOCTOR Shows How Pain Relief Is At YOUR Fingertips

DR. KEITH KENYON

A MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH

ACUPUNCTURE, a dramatic new form of medical treatment offers undreamed of hope to victims of neuralgia, ulcers, kidney problems, arthritis, tendonitis, asthma, stroke effects, migraine headaches and many, many other serious illnesses.

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Dr. Keith Kenyon, a pioneer physician using only finger pressure, daily performs miracle-like pain-relieving treatments in his private practice. In PRESSURE POINTS, an amazing book, this famous medical doctor gives you the benefit of his years of success. He teaches you where and how to press yourself so that symptoms can disappear even after many pain-filled years.

Yes, simply press yourself!

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How to help even the most persistent migraine headaches.
How the hidden "Tsun" banishes pain.
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How to help solve sinus problems. (Chapt. 17)
How to increase your physical vigor while watching T. V. (Chapter 2)
How acupressure helps sexual impotence. (Chapter 10)

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Presently Designing Automated Heart, Lung Machine
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Graduate of Acupuncture Research Inst.
Engaged in Acupuncture Research
Appeared on Radio and TV Shows

DO IT YOURSELF - WITHOUT NEEDLES!

BE YOUR OWN *MIRACLE* HEALER

Your body responds instantly to ACUPRESSURE.

We have all hoped for some "miraculous" method that would get rid of pain quickly. Even the strongest, addictive drugs take time to work and must be injected in ever-larger doses.

PRESSURE POINTS by Dr. Keith Kenyon not only describes seeming miracles but shows you in close-up photographs and illustrations with vivid descriptions how to make them a part of your everyday life.

Toothache:

Dentists don't make house calls, especially at 3 A.M. when your face is swollen and the pain is driving you crazy. Chapter 12 of PRESSURE POINTS tells you how, through simple external finger pressure and massage, you can increase your comfort and even sleep through until morning.

Chest Pain:

Nothing can take the place of your doctor's diagnosis and treatment but acupressure may enable you to help yourself or one dear to you through the first, suffocating chest pains of an attack. It may help someone through a serious emergency.

Tension Headaches:

Relieve that throbbing, piercing pain merely by pressing a certain spot on your head. Chapter 9 shows you where to apply acupressure as soon as the pain begins. No more waiting in nerve-jangling suspense hoping that medication will work.

You actually sense the relief as a pleasant, tingling sensation runs through the affected area, helping to drive away pain.

Sexual Impotence:

Sexual impotence can be a very disturbing emotional experience. Chapter 10 demonstrates how acupressure may relieve this frustrating condition.

Asthma and Bronchitis:

As Dr. Kenyon knows only too well, ordinary medicine alone is often helpless when treating bronchitis and asthma. Only a sufferer can understand the terror of not being able to suck in enough air to breathe. Chapter 16 of *PRESSURE POINTS* shows the actual spots on your body that you can use to help relieve these torturing afflictions. You may find that you breathe normally again for the first time in many years.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SICK TO BENEFIT FROM ACUPRESSURE

Look, Feel and Act Younger:

Exercise leads to good health and acupressure can add vigorous, vital years to your life. Hobbies and sports that you have had to abandon because of injury or stiffened joints may be yours to enjoy again. Chapter 2 shows exactly where to apply the finger pressure that can enable you to play golf or tennis or go bowling or do any of the things you would like to do.

Nagging, Everyday Problems That Won't Go Away

A nervous or cigarette cough, diarrhea or constipation when you're up tight, nosebleeds, vomiting or night sweats might not be classed as major ailments but when they happen to you they become very important. By merely consulting *PRESSURE POINTS* then pressing or massaging the right spot on your body surface you can experience rapid relief.

Weight Problems:

Lose weight without going hungry, exercising or taking any kind of medication. The secret of getting rid of unsightly, unhealthy pounds is literally in your hands. Chapter 7 could change your whole outlook on life.

RELIEF AT LAST

The tips of your own fingers may hold the secret of your salvation from a life of Pain. Many medical doctors are beginning to use the methods described and illustrated in PRESSURE POINTS. Help free yourself from lingering discomfort by using the simple, pain-relieving acupressure procedure in private, as often as you wish.

DO IT YOURSELF - WITHOUT NEEDLES!

ENTERTAINMENT STAR PAUL WINCHELL SPEAKS FOR ACUPRESSURE.

"Last summer my right hand became very swollen and painful. After several months of treatment my condition hadn't improved. I was told to resign myself to the fact that I would always have this swelling and pain."

"I was losing work; I couldn't manipulate the dummies because of the pain."

"During all this time I had been working with Dr. Kenyon developing a power source for the artificial heart, which I invented. He had always advised me to try acupressure but I never really listened. But now, with hope fading, I decided to listen to Dr. Kenyon. He showed me how to treat myself in just a few minutes."

"After a few weeks of using acupressure on my hand and wrist the pain began to subside. I am not saying it cured the underlying condition, but at least I can work with the dummies again."

Paul Winchell

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

We haven't had too many questions on this month's lead subject, but sometimes we consider three or more enough justification to devote a few paragraphs thereto. The subject is "bullboat", an ingenious vessel invented by the Indians and adopted by fur traders on the Missouri River and its tributaries. Its use was necessary because the shallowness of some of the streams precluded the use of any boat which drew more than nine or ten inches. The bullboat, therefore, had probably the lightest draft of any vessel of its size. It looked like an enormous shallow oval basket and was about 25 feet long, 12 or 15 feet wide, and 2 or 3 feet deep. The frame was of willow poles lashed together with rawhide. This frame was covered with buffalo hides sewn together and made watertight with a mixture of buffalo fat and dirt or ashes. The weight of the finished vessel was extremely light, which made it easy to carry. Steering was by means of poles. In spite of its light weight, this craft could carry up to 6,000 pounds.

Q. In Sam Broom's article "A Prisoner of the Cheyenne" in August 1974 issue, there are references to the "staked plains." What are the staked plains and where are they? Mrs. P. Nitschke, Beckley, W.Va.
A. The staked plains are 40,000 square miles of high, arid plateau located in Texas, New Mexico and Oklahoma.

Q. The answer you gave to L. Corr of Mankato, that Texas is named after a tribe of Indians, is wrong. Texas is named after a Spanish family (Tejas) who were given a land grant in 1514. Any Indians who lived there were therefore called after them. W. Hutchens, Chula Vista, Cal.
A. You may well be correct, Mr. Hutchens. All we know is that in the *Dictionary of the American Indian* by John L. Stoutenburgh, Jr., and published by the Philosophical Library, New York, under the heading "TEXAS", it reads, "A name used by the Spanish to designate the combined tribes of what is now the state of Texas." The Spanish, in using this name, may well have been referring to the family you mention in your very interesting letter, which, we regret, is too lengthy to quote here. Thank you for your interest.

Q. What happened to the man who killed Jesse James? Did he collect a reward? Was he punished for his crime? What was his name? Miss D. Potts, Clallam Bay, Wash.
A. Bob Ford killed Jesse James, and he collected a reward. He wasn't punished legally, for Jesse was a wanted man, but public revulsion at the manner of the killing took the sweetness from the money, and his resultant unpopularity was his punishment. He was killed a few years later. His brother, Charley, who was in on it with him, committed suicide.

Q. I was always under the impression that all Indians ate roast dog or roast puppy, so I was surprised to read that the Comanches did not. Is this true? V. Geste, Decatur, Ill.
A. Yes, it is true. Also, they did not eat fish, nor did the Blackfeet or the Crow tribes. Food taboos extended to most of the tribes. For instance, the Kiowa did not eat bear. We must remember that the tribes of America were as disparate in their customs as the nations of Europe.

Q. When building the railroad across the continent, how much pay did the workers receive? L. Paulian, Amarillo, Texas.
A. They received an average of $35.00 a month, plus room and board. The Chinese workers, preferring their own type of nourishment, paid for their food, which they had sent to them.

Q. How old was the train robber, Sam Bass, when he died? P. Bowes, Lincoln, Neb.
A. Sam had arrived at the ripe age of 27 when he was killed by Texas Rangers at Round Rock, Texas.

Q. What did the Indians use for hair brushes, or did they use any? Q. Kirk, Battle Creek, Mich.
A. They used the rough side of a buffalo tongue, or the tail of the porcupine.

Q. Does the name "Canada" mean anything in particular? B. Corriera, Cedar Falls, Iowa.
A. It means "pueblo" or "village".

Q. I was reading a story recently in which one of the characters, from Oklahoma, said "... when we were part of Louisiana ..." which puzzled me. What was meant? D. Duggan, Gadsden, Ga.
A. In the early 1800's, the huge unexplored region known as Louisiana comprised Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, both Dakotas, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. It was much later, of course, that they became these states.

Q. Was Roman Nose the biggest Indian on record? E. Forrester, Gretna, La.
A. We don't know. We do know that he was 6'3" and weighed about 230 lbs. As a bonus we'll tell you that he wore a sacred bonnet which was supposed to protect him from death, the only stipulation being that he should not use a metal utensil to eat his food. On the day of his death he absent-mindedly used a metal spoon. He was killed at Beecher's Island, Colorado in 1868.

Q. Did they really use a golden spike to secure the rails when the trains met in Utah? G. Russell, Richmond, Ind.
A. Indeed they did. As a matter of fact, they used two gold, one silver, and one a composite of silver, iron and gold. Incidentally, these particular spikes were not driven in; they were dropped into holes already there.

Q. Why did the half-breed, Quanah Parker, choose the life of an Indian, and what does "Quanah" mean? H. Cotsorides, Richfield, Minn.
A. He chose the life of the Indian because it was the only life he knew. His mother, Cynthia Ann, was captured by Comanches when she was nine years old, and she was a captive for twenty-five years. She had three children by an Indian husband: Quanah and two others. She was recaptured by the whites and starved herself to death when one of her daughters died. Quanah means "fragrant."

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Gunfighters . . .
GUYS and GALS

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by Grace E. Ray

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PHOTOGRAPH THAT DESTROYED A LEGEND

(continued from page 40)

the Earps took the initiative and marched on the Clantons. There are scores of versions of the battle. Here is a general outline of the two most extreme viewpoints:

The pro-Earp story tells us that Virgil, Wyatt and Morgan Earp, along with Doc Holliday, confronted Ike and Billy Clanton and Frank and Tom McLaury in the vicinity of the OK Corral. They attempted to disarm and arrest them, but on the order from Virgil to, "Throw up your hands!" the outlaws went for their guns. The fight commenced and the Earps came out on top. Or, you can have the anti-Earp tale relating that the Earps set upon the peace-loving cowboys, most of whom were unarmed, and cold-bloodedly murdered them while they were "reaching for the sky."

The anti-Earp chroniclers have to concede (although it seems they do so most begrudgingly) that at least someone in the Clanton-McLaury outfit was armed, else how did Morgan and Virgil get wounded? On the other hand, pro-Earp recorders try to give legitimacy to the action of the brothers and Holliday through Virgil's office as lawman. In reality his badge was intended to cloak their movement with a role of authority in what was nothing more than a settling of a personal feud. Indeed, one mining man expressed the belief of a certain segment of Tombstone's population when he stated that the gunfight was, "... nothing but a bunch of stagerobbers splitting, and killing one another to keep evidence from getting out ..."

Typically illustrating how hopeless it is to try and arrive at any firm conclusion concerning a battle that lasted less than a minute is the question of Tom McLaury's wounds. The Cochise County coroner stated that McLaury received a dozen buckshot in the right side of his chest. They were under the arm and very close together. Depending on which side one supports (if one need take sides), it can be interpreted as a wound received while Tom was raising his hands *or* reaching for a rifle that rested in the boot on his brother's horse. An eerie side light to the above is the fact Tom's wound was dealt him by the "deadly dentist." This gives a rather chilling aspect to the photograph wherein Holliday's arm is draped about McLaury's shoulder in a seemingly friendly but somehow sinister manner.

Wyatt Earp repeatedly characterized the Clantons as outlaws. This description was also applied to just about anyone who associated with them. What irony that words spoken so long ago should echo down through the years and, in conjunction with the recently discovered rare photograph, indict him so devastatingly. Whatever else may be said of the man, he had one great ability. That is, the capacity to outlive just about all his contemporaries. This ran true to form with his uncanny luck, which allowed him to come through some tight situations when other men were dropping all around him. What would have been his fate had the damning pictorial representation turned up during his lifetime? ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

George Hart Western Americana Collection.

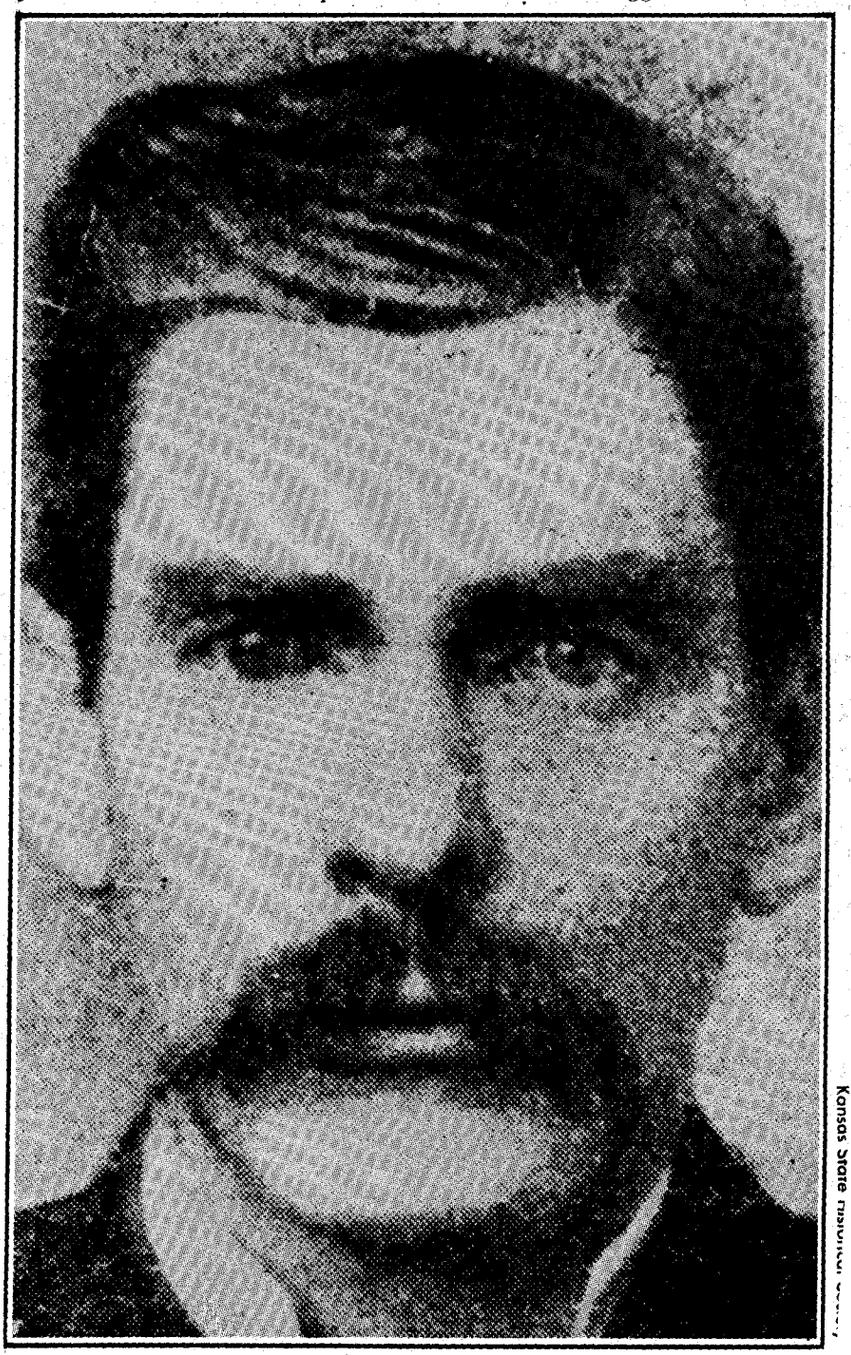
Kansas State Historical Society Collections.

Dodge City *Times.*

Ford County Globe.

Tombstone *Epitaph.*

Tombstone *Nugget.*



Kansas State Historical Society

Doc Holliday

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Yes, Dear Friend:
Did you know that—right now—there is an ordinary vegetable, stored and forgotten in most kitchens, that is said to relieve many of the diseases of aging? According to one authority . . .

In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild . . . the aged . . . the paralyzed . . . the sick . . . come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds . . .

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing *seed*, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (**Genesis 1:29**)

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You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

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Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub into his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Medicologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, chiefly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1934, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

NO PILLS OR DRUGS . . . NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable . . . and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

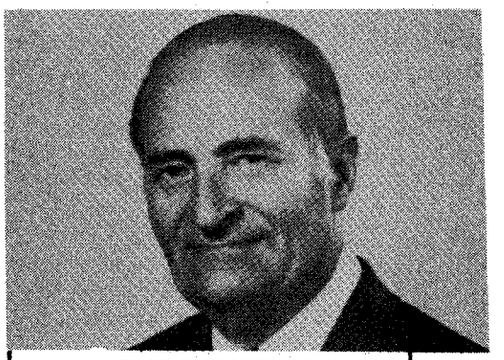
A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

AND YOURS TO PROVE—FOR 30 DAYS—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

All you need to know is right here in this book. Read about these amazing natural medicines. Each one is a fruit, nut, vegetable or seed that can help in a different way. So get started NOW and look forward to a long, rewarding life, full of healthful living!

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MAVERICK

(continued from page 22)

big practice which, though it was not as lucrative as some, managed to keep his growing family going. The Danas eventually numbered eight, when Dana and Sally were joined by five daughters and one son, Richard Henry Dana III.

The year of Dana's marriage also saw publication of his second book, *The Seaman's Friend,* which was a practical handbook of seamanship, written in a lively style and widely used for many years.

Because of his work in defense of seamen, Dana was not accepted socially by some of Boston's elite. But in addition to the warm family circle there were close ties with some exceptional people, including Longfellow, whose daughter Richard Dana III later married; Emerson, who had been one of Dana's teachers; and the numerous brilliant descendants of John and John Quincy Adams. He was a member of a leading literary club, was often asked to lecture on a wide range of subjects, and when Dickens came to Boston in 1842, he particularly asked to see the author of *Two Years Before the Mast.* They got acquainted at several brilliant dinners, and though Dana's first opinion was concerned more with the "cockney cut" of Dickens' manners, his later evaluation judged him to be "the cleverest man I ever met."

But though he was happy in his active, bustling life, the sea never lost its hold on Dana, never ceased to call. Whenever he could spare time for any sort of holiday, which was seldom, it always turned out to be a sea voyage to somewhere. And when his old ship, the *Alert,* arrived in Boston one day in 1843, he rushed down to the dock to see her and engaged in animated conversation with the man who occupied his old bunk. The man pressed him to accept two shells he had picked up on the beach in Monterey, and other crew members came to see Dana in his office, which one friend said "was apt to be crowded with unkempt, roughly dressed seamen, and it smelled on such occasions much like a forecastle..."

But the sea and the men who sailed it were not Dana's only concern. The same characteristics that made him a pioneer in seeking maritime reform drew him to another cause that was just beginning to gather steam: the cause of antislavery. In 1843 it was very unpopular in Boston, partly because of the influence of Daniel Webster and partly because of the big Boston cotton interests. However, Dana attended a few abolitionist meetings to see what was being done to eliminate slavery, which he detested. He didn't care for some of the leading abolitionists, whom he considered fanatics, but he believed in the ultimate goal, and as a leading attorney, this interest brought him more controversial cases, this time in defense of fugitive slaves.

So it was that, with a large practice and an exhausting schedule, Richard Henry Dana, an outcast attorney frowned upon by most of the big businesses that could have made his fortune, was becoming famous, if not rich, as the defender of the seaman and the slave.

In 1848, Dana was chairman of a Free Soil meeting which he called his "debut in political life," but the effect on his business was to further limit his income. Most of the large marine insurance companies were run by people who preferred to defend the status quo for business purposes, which meant that another large segment of legal business had turned away from Dana's office. So in 1848, Dana, who was developing a keen interest in a political career, joined neither the Whigs nor the Democrats but supported the Free Soil Barnburners, a splinter group which assured the election of Zachary Taylor as president.

The fight to end slavery was just beginning in Boston, and Dana, as the advocate turned to most often in fugitive slave cases, was right in the middle between two highly incendiary factions. He was in grave physical danger and he knew it, but he refused to carry any weapon besides a heavy cane. He wrote:

"I thought that as I had a professional duty to perform, which required all my powers and attention, I should be able to do it better and be less likely to be involved in quarrels if entirely unarmed."

His dauntless courage almost cost him his life one dark night, in 1854, after a particularly controversial case had just ended. Dana had defended a runaway slave named Anthony Burns, and in his closing argument, he had declared in a ringing voice:

"If you commit a mistake in favor of the man, a pecuniary value, not great, is put at hazard. If against him, a free man is made a slave forever ... May your judgment be for liberty and not for slavery, for happiness and not for wretchedness, for hope and not for despair."

However, Dana lost the case. Angry crowds milled around, both inside and outside of the courtroom, and violence right then and there was just barely averted. However, as Dana walked away with a friend, he was attacked in a dark street by an unseen assailant and struck over the eye with a heavy instrument. His friend rushed him to a doctor, where Dana was treated for a blow that would either have blinded or killed him if it had struck in a slightly different spot. He wore a beautiful black eye for awhile, but when his friend had finished telling the story to the newspapers, the proslave cause was dead in Boston. Soon after the attack, Dana, who had refused to accept any fee for the case, was presented with a handsome silver tray that bore this inscription:

"To Richard H. Dana, Jr., for his manly and gratuitous defence of the unalienable rights of Anthony Burns, who was kidnapped at Boston, May 24th and doomed to eternal bondage. June 2d, 1854. From a few of his fellow citizens."

From this time almost to the start of the Civil War, Dana's law practice grew and prospered. He tried to keep up with it, but it was too much for a man who insisted on preparing all his own cases and arguments, worked a long day, and topped it off with one or two hours of serious study of other subjects. His own description of what happened to him was written in his journal:

"I have overworked for the last ten years, undertaking to do everything and study everything."

Tough and sturdy as he was, Dana's health broke under the strain in 1859, and his doctor recommended that he take a long sea voyage alone for a complete rest. Dana, exhausted mentally and physically, was forced to drop everything and take his doctor's advice. Thanks to the skill and care of his law partner, Francis Parker, the arrangements were made for a voyage around the world, which is how Dana found himself in San Francisco again on August 13, 1859.

The Farallon lighthouse blinked a welcome outside San Francisco Bay where there had been only dangerous rocky blackness on his last trip. Dana was certainly dazzled by the changes 24 years had brought, but he was also surprised and pleased by the warm welcome extended to him. His arrival had been announced in the

(continued on next page)

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The Struggles, Loves, and Triumphs of Human Oddities

1. Myrtle Corbin had 4 legs. She is pictured with her husband and one of her three children.

2. Eli Bowen, an accomplished acrobat, had feet but no legs!

3. Lucia Zarate, the smallest woman that ever lived, was under 20 in. tall, and weighed only 5 lbs.

These are just a few of the many "mistakes of Nature" included in Frederick Drimmer's fascinating new book, **VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE.** What makes them very special is that they were all born "curiosities" and they all lived unusual lives. Like Chang and Eng, **the original Siamese twins,** who were joined at the chest for life. They married sisters, set up separate homes, and fathered 22 children between them!

Then there was Grace McDaniels, who was billed as **the ugliest woman** who ever lived (and her photo proves it). Believe it or not, Grace received several proposals of marriage before she accepted one from a handsome young man. They had a perfectly normal son, who grew up to be his mother's manager!

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This is not just a picture book of "freaks." The author treats these people with insight, compassion and the dignity one earns by being born different from everyone else.

VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE will also teach you one of the most important lessons that life has to offer: the incredible ability of man's mind, soul, and spirit to overcome any physical imperfection... no matter how hopeless it may appear. Read this book and you will never indulge in self-pity again.

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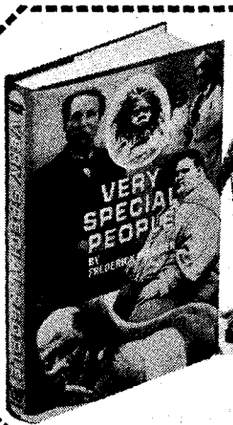

Julia Pastrana
(1832-1860)
was to ugliness
what *Marilyn Monroe*
was to loveliness.

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As a youngster, **Francesco Lentini** *was so shocked at what he saw in an institution for the severely handicapped that he never complained about his third leg again.*

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newspapers, and everywhere people stopped him on the street to say that they had read his book, and to welcome him back to California. In his boundless enthusiasm he toured the mines and principal cities, the vineyards and ranches, rode horseback through the Yosemite, and gave many speeches and lectures by popular demand. He was a little saddened by the end of the hide industry and, in his rather depressed state of mind, was swept by a wave of sorrow at his unaccountable nostalgia for the passing of an old way of life that had been so full of hardships:

"How softening is the effect of time! ... Death, change, distance, lend them a character which makes them quite another thing from the vulgar, wearisome toil of uninteresting forced manual labour."

Of the port cities, he found Santa Barbara and San Diego the least changed, but some desperately needed improvements were being made in the port area of San Pedro, and the tiny pueblo of Los Angeles had grown to a prosperous city of 20,000 people.

As usual Dana made his frank observations, was impressed by both the Fremonts and their vast holdings at Mariposa, excited by the redwoods, and described the San Francisco vigilance committee favorably as "the last resort of the thinking and the good."

Dana, who suffered from a peculiar form of snobbery which was always in conflict with his better nature, was a little upset when he saw a Massachusetts man, younger than himself, inaugurated as California's new governor, and even more so when he met a man who had been his own father's carpenter back home and now held a seat in the new state's legislature. However, the mood passed when he sailed away to Hawaii and more breathtaking adventures, including the burning of the ship he was on and a daring rescue at sea. He loved the islands and, continuing his tour around the world, was impressed by Confucius' temple, disappointed in the Sphinx, and found parts of the Nile valley like the bottomlands of Connecticut. He was gone more than a year in all and returned refreshed and completely rested, just in time for the election of Abraham Lincoln.

When the war came in 1861, Dana was appointed U. S. attorney for Massachusetts by President Lincoln, a job that paid $6,000 a year. He held this post until 1866 and served in the Massachusetts state legislature during much of this time. Dana was offered a district judge's post in 1865, but he turned it down because it didn't pay enough to support his large family. He was still hoping for something better in the way of a political job, but he was destined to be frustrated in this ambition.

Dana, as a maverick who could only ride the trail that looked right to him, had made a lot of enemies during his campaigns for sailors' rights and free soil, and even though these later became popular causes, the bitterness lingered on. He was his own man in every situation and never backed away from pointing out, painfully if necessary, the errors in other people's thinking. He made a new set of enemies during Reconstruction, when he opposed the wild-eyed schemes of northern extremists, and again in 1868, when he was appointed a government counsel to try Jefferson Davis as a war criminal. Dana recommended clemency, and while his view was the one eventually adopted, it did not help him with his party when he ran unsuccessfully for Congress in 1868, or when he was offered the post of ambassador to Great Britain in 1876. President Grant was an unpopular retiring president at the time, and the Senate refused to approve Dana's appointment. Moreover, some of his enemies in the Senate began a campaign of politically inspired character assassination that is not unknown to us today. The whole experience was very distressing to a proud man.

In 1877 Dana was appointed U. S. Counsel to an important international conference on the Halifax fisheries, and after he had done his usual excellent job, he made an equally important personal decision: he would retire from his law practice and go abroad to travel and write.

So the Danas and two daughters left for Europe late in 1878, toured leisurely, and wound up in Rome. Dana, as enthusiastic as ever, excitedly took in everything and decided to write his book on international law, which he hoped would be a standard in the field. Undoubtedly it would have been, but the author had only time to write the introduction when he caught a chill that developed into a deadly pneumonia. After an illness of less than two weeks, Richard Henry Dana died on January 6, 1882, at the age of 66. He was buried in a grove of magnificent old trees in a Roman cemetery.

Although Dana was bitterly disappointed by his failure to succeed in politics, it's hard to imagine a man living a fuller, more useful or exciting life. From adventure on the high seas to historic drama in the courtroom, from fame as an author to the quiet joys of the scholar, he managed to pack a lot of living into one lifetime. And when all the excitement was over, he found himself the grandfather of some of the same children as his old friend and neighbor, the great Longfellow — not a bad bit of stock to add to the distinguished Dana family tree.

Despite the tremendous popularity of *Two Years Before the Mast,* which continues unabated nearly a century after his death, Dana never took his extraordinary writing ability very seriously. In his autumn years he described the book as "a boy's work" and, though he later published just about anything he wanted to with ease, wrote all his own highly acclaimed speeches, lectures, and courtroom presentations himself, making little money from his writings throughout most of his life. This particular one of his many talents never seemed important to him.

With all his eccentricities, Richard Henry Dana seems almost to have been two different men: brilliant and absent-minded, compassionate and snobbish, fearless and stuffy, amusing and intense. Through all of his ups and down, he never lost his zest, his courage, or his sense of humor; and he never forgot the endless voyage on a ship bound for the hide trade in California that had turned a boy into a man. It had also contributed to the development of a highly original character who was never quite so comfortable back in Boston again. Of a life sparked with so much variety, Dana himself said it best:

"It is something in that brief time to have known two worlds." ●**RW**

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A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF CRIME. 1840 TO THE PRESENT

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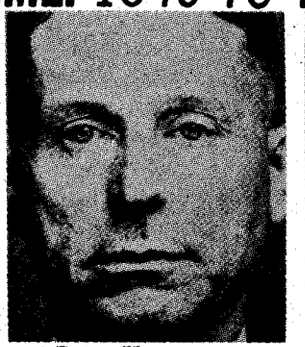

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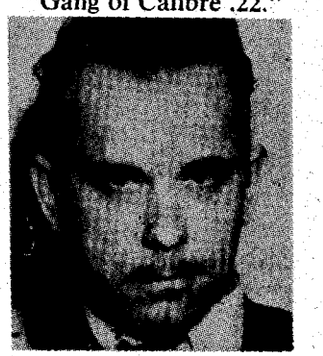

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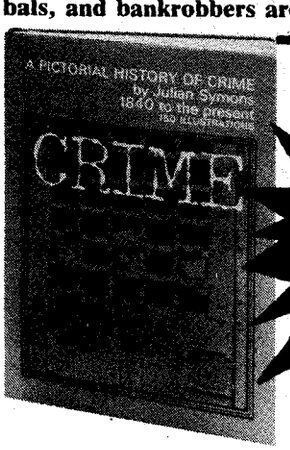

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Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y— k— I l— y—." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n— p—— u—— l—." Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n— b—— t— m— o- p— h— p——." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

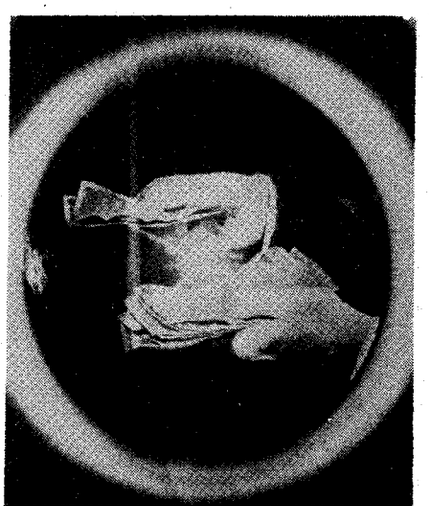
CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o— w— c—— p— a— c— s— a— p——" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n— i—— m- m— a— b— c— w— t— p—— p—— o- r—— g— h——" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w— t— s— o- o— t—— d—— s- I c— p— t— s——." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant. The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

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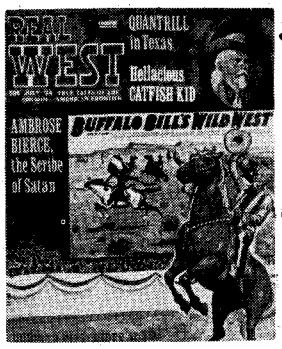


JULY 74

QUANTRILL in Texas

Hellacious CATFISH KID

BUFFALO BILL RIDES AGAIN

AMBROSE PIERCE, the Scribe of Satan.

AUG 74

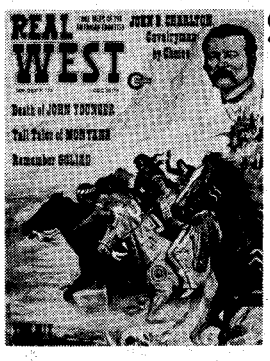
The WOODSTOCK DISASTER

A Man For Breakfast

Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL

COWBOY BURL

RED RIVER VALLEY



SEPT 74

Death of JOHN YOUNGER

Tall Tales of MONTANA

Remember GOLIAD

JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman by Choice.

OCT 74

Ambush at BLACK ROCKS

What happened to the 7th CAVALRY at the LITTLE BIG HORN

I will have BLOOD FOR BLOOD

O. HENRY IN TEXAS

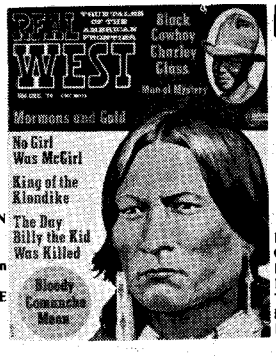
NOV 74

The PRESIDENT who WON the WEST

A man called BAT

RUBE BURROW train robber

DELLA BARE, HEROINE of Surprise Valley.


Black Cowboy Charley Glass
Mormons and Gold
No Girl Was McGirl
King of the Klondike
The Day Billy the Kid Was Killed
Bloody Comanche Moon

DEC 74

Black cowboy CHARLEY GLASS

Bloody COMANCHE MOON

The day BILLY the KID was killed

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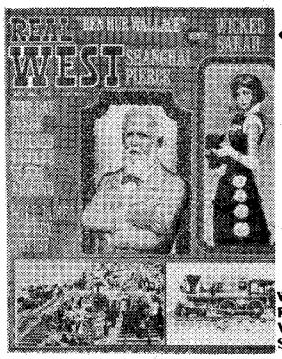


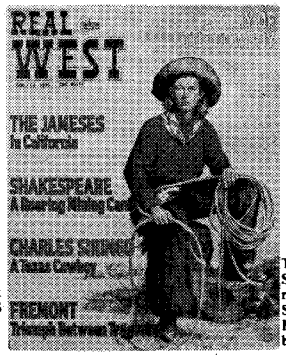
JAN 75

WILL JAMES, cowboy artist

RAILS across the SIERRAS

Wicked SARAH

SHANGHAI PIERCE



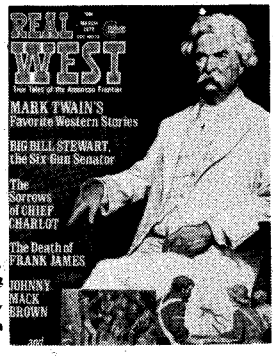
FEB 75

The JAMESES in California

SHAKESPEARE, a roaring mining camp

STORY OF THE COWBOY

FREMONT, triumph between tragedies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